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SPRING '60

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JACQUES BARZUN

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SPRING '60 VOLUME XX NO. 1

Where Are the Disciples? 5
article by JACQUES BARZUN

The Match 15
poem by SAM BRADLEY

When Men 17
poem by HAROLD WITT

Memory 18
poem by VIRGINIA KOBLER

A Passage to Relationship 19
article by NANCY HALE

Explaining a Peninsula 31
story by ERLING LARSEN

The Current Crisis: A Challenge to Organized Labor 41
article by OSCAR ORNATI

Widow's Song 50
poem by JOANNE DE LONGCHAMPS

A Way of Traveling 51
poem by JOANNE DE LONGCHAMPS

Six Anglo-Saxon Riddles 52
translations by BURTON RAFFEL

Yours Very Truly (Miss) Leona Freemantle 55
story by WILMA SHORE

Historians, the Constitution, and Objectivity: A Case Study 65
article by DAVID F. TRASK

Heft 78
poem by NORMAN FARBER

The Closed Door Policy 79
article by SYLVIA ANGUS

Conference of Heads 84
poem by EARLE BIRNEY

The Destructive Element 85
poem by JAMES L. ROSENBERG

A Child's Bestiary 86
poem by JAMES L. ROSENBERG

Diego Rivera and His Mexico 88
article by ALFRED WERNER

The Soviet Subject Viewed as Citizen 101
review by WILLIAM PETERSEN

Portrait of the Artist as a Man 111
review by EDWIN BERRY BURGUM

More Literary Biography 118
review by A. L. BADER

Hollywood, Japan 124
review by HERMAN SCHNURER

Editor's Shop Talk

In last summer's issue we noted that the U.S. Information Service has translated and republished quite a few of our articles in their foreign language magazines—including the Japanese—but that Sidney Hook's article, "Pragmatism and Existentialism," having previously been delivered in Japanese at a scholarly meeting in Tokyo, was the first article we had published *after* its Japanese translation. We now have a request from the USIS for permission to translate and publish "Pragmatism and Existentialism" in *Americana*, their—you guessed it—Japanese language monthly.

We're always happy to give such permission and see the material we use given wider circulation abroad. We don't claim that the *Review* is of world-shaking or world-cementing importance, but we feel that it does reflect a segment of current thought on topics of importance and that the citizen of another continent, reading what we publish, may come a little closer to understanding our country and our thought. There is an extra satisfaction as well as extra postage to mailing copies of the *Review* to foreign addresses. We wish we mailed more of them.

So, evidently, did one of the larger foundations some years back. A foundation is in a better position than most of us to make its wishes come true, and this one subscribed to U.S. journals and quarterlies for many libraries in foreign countries. The *Antioch Review* had about a hundred such subscriptions scattered from Helsinki to Poona. The program was

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purposely limited in extent, designed merely to introduce foreign scholars to American journals rather than to hand out intellectual charity, and the last subscription expired four years ago. It was a success in that a good proportion of the libraries renewed their subscriptions, and continue to do so, out of their own funds. Others, however, could not afford the rich American dollars, and in our files is a sheaf of sad letters explaining the economics of underdeveloped libraries, some of them asking wistfully if any special arrangements can be made to continue their subscriptions. Most of these are from the non-Western countries—the areas where mutual understanding is most needed.

We continue to receive such requests, including some from hitherto unheard-from libraries. We wish we could accede to them, but we must maintain some sort of fiscal responsibility and our budget is not geared to largesse—as any of our authors can readily testify.

We wonder, therefore, if any eleemosynary-minded readers with a few spare dollars would like to donate subscriptions to the *Review* to foreign libraries? We'll make no campaigns, no solicitation drives. We'll just accept, gratefully, any help readers may want to give toward increasing the circulation of American thought among foreign readers.

* * *

Part of the crisis in organized labor that Oscar Ornati describes on page 41 stems from the problem of how a militant organization maintains its militancy in the face of the prosperity and contentment with the status quo of its members. Pie in the sky is most attractive to those who do not have pie in the hand. This is not a problem unique to the labor movement; among other places, it crops up in the complaint that our youth today lack the social concern that motivated their depression-scarred elders.

It has also arisen to nag and sap the strength of the democratic socialist movements in the prosperous West European democracies. In our Summer issue we will examine this experience in several countries. Norman Birnbaum reports on the malaise of Great Britain's Labour Party, staggered by three successive general election defeats. The German Democratic Socialist Party, still to achieve an electoral victory in West Germany, has recently revised its basic platform to the dismay of doctrinaire socialists and the amusement of conservatives; this shift in philosophy, and the social shift it reflects, is analyzed by Lewis J. Edinger and Douglas A. Chalmers. A third report, on the French Socialists under De Gaulle, is still in process.

Is there a counterpart to this phenomenon in American political life? Without a doctrinaire Socialist Party as a major political factor, we still have a conservative party accepting the welfare state platform and a working class and middle class showing more concern for the status quo than for any alternative yet proposed. This situation is examined by Heinz Eulau, drawing on the material he has gathered on voting behavior in 1952 and 1956 for a recent monograph.

All in all, a high-protein diet for an election year.

Where Are the Disciples?

By JACQUES BARZUN

■ The chief characteristic of man's work in our time is that all occupations tend to become professions. And these professions, following the example of medicine and law in past centuries, tend to become academic subjects. That is, the practices become codified, they are written up in textbooks, courses are given, specialties proliferate, and degrees multiply. Work and study fade into each other and are deemed equivalent. Young men of business toil at a Ph.D. in marketing, real estate operators write theses, personnel managers take and learn to give tests, accountants, diplomats, writers of advertising copy are taught in universities. In short, every worldly youth is poring over a book in hopes of passing into an office. That great aim is expressed by the verb: *to qualify*. To qualify means to have been through this mill which, like the work of the classroom, is double—the windmill of lectures, the paper mill of essays and tests.

Let us not ask at this point whether all this is education. The important fact is that it is required for purposes remote from education. This is shown by the expectations of business and government, of industry and labor unions. A hundred different posts require a college degree, no matter what that degree stands for. Once in the post, the holder must continue to study. The industry—whatever it is—offers him refresher courses, pays his way through graduate school, or coerces him into executive seminars on Plato and the fine arts. And on a lower plane, the industry requires of its new em-

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JACQUES BARZUN, whose *The House of Intellect* is still stirring the groves of Academe, is Dean of the Faculties and Provost of Columbia University and is well known as critic, translator, and historian. The present article is based on a commencement address delivered at Antioch College last June.

ployees an in-service training, the form of which simulates study and "qualifying." Unless we are diggers and brick-layers, we are all scholars and carry a briefcase. This is a new phenomenon in Western life.

At first sight, the cause of all this scholastic activity seems to be the obvious one we invoke when we are puzzled. The new phenomenon, we say, is due to technology. We take it for granted that modern man's work is made up of mysterious processes which can only be carried on by technicians, by people who have mastered formulas found in treatises. But a closer looks shows that, on the contrary, technology proper, which is to say machines and material processes, is in the hands of people who have either learned by doing, in the old apprentice system, or whose training has been specifically technological: they are engineers. The great mass of professionals I have in mind are another group altogether. They are executives, consultants, researchers, experts in some intangible know-how dependent wholly on paperwork. Their official contact with machines is limited to the telephone and the dictograph. These men, it is true, imitate the language and attitudes of technology. They talk of "processing" their papers, they call office routines techniques, and they would like you to think that a report or memorandum is a tool; but this pretense does not alter the fact that any average person of modest education and orderly habits could do what they do. The proof of this is that if average ability did not suffice, the world's work as we have organized it in big offices scattered over the planet could not go on as it does. The men who work in those offices, even in high posts, are and must be like interchangeable parts.

In this fact we find the clue we have been looking for. The cause of the requirements the young undergo for qualifying; the reason for the tests that are given every time one is employed; the excuse for the courses and certificates and degrees with which life gradually turns into a presentable dossier is: the anonymity of large numbers in a society without fixed ranks. The training programs and would-be professional certificates are meant to guarantee at least familiarity with paper-work, and to provide the slight variations of knowledge that will help to sort out the mass of applicants otherwise much alike. The personnel and other tests replace the

direct judgment of the applicant's mind and character, a judgment which no one has the skill or time to make. In other words, under the pressure of population, and for the needs of our industrial democracy, we are creating a mandarin system. In the salary scale of the civil service you are ranked and paid for being a doctor of philosophy, quite as if you were an official of the Ming Dynasty. In private industry, so impressed is management by the tokens of academic preparation that it chooses its recruits by their record of study and their answers to tests.

Observing so much simple faith, one is tempted to say, How gratifying! Is not this new tendency what men of intellect since Plato have been advocating—the running of practical affairs by selected philosophers? Not quite. A doctor of philosophy is not the same as a philosopher. Let us of course make the largest possible estimate of the sincerity here at work. But let us also look at the ways in which business routines are being made into academic subjects. We are soon forced to conclude that sincerity is not enough. We are made unhappily aware that the so-called principles of these new professions—and hence the value of the training—are only make-believe: most courses outside the traditional subjects and traditional professions are but platitudes dressed up in verbiage; most vocational tests—as we can see from the examples in Mr. William Whyte's *The Organization Man*—are arrogant absurdities; most of what passes for "experience" and qualifications on the applicant's dossier is largely meaningless; the jobs recorded under pompous titles are but routine moves from college to, at first, some special assignment in military academia—for the army and navy are now scholasticized as well—next, to industry for in-service training, then back again to the university for a higher degree, and out once more into business or government, most likely for something called research.

I have read these professional biographies of amiable young men who at twenty-eight or thirty seem to have assistant-directed and deputy-co-ordinated a series of important affairs in the nation—and I have talked with the men themselves. Unquestionably, they have—as we say—been around. They are energetic yet at ease; the best are alert and eager, yet strangely self-protective. They know their value and understand what an organization should offer them.

I mean not only a salary trailing ample fringes of benefits, but also guaranties of minor independence and authority, coupled with an assurance that the work shall be what they term "truly creative," which as they explain means "exciting" and "essential."

Hire one of these products of our mandarin system and you will find him excellent for all ordinary purposes. He catches on quickly and co-operates nicely. Conscientious and loyal, he will work with enthusiasm for any number of successive causes and concerns. In one way, he is a true professional: he takes work home at night. His day never ends, for he expects to rise to the top and he knows that the condition of success is overwork. He knows also that to make one's way the shortest road is frequent change rather than ripening on the vine. Though fundamentally the tricks are everywhere the same, he believes that each new set of routines and people will enhance his ability to—well, to do what, precisely? Why, nothing in particular except to—to qualify for the next step.

Even if this sketchy description of the bright youth of today seems a lament, I am far from saying that we do not need such persons. We need thousands, and if their mode of life makes them reasonably contented, I shall not mourn or criticize. What concerns me is the effect of this conception of work upon others who may be natively different, who may well be discontented by these pseudo-careers, and who therefore may be lost to higher uses.

For consider what happens in a democratic society when the current impels the college-bred in one main direction, the direction of the mandarin, who knows only that to qualify is to succeed. What happens is that long before they mature, the special talents are diverted from their natural tastes and powers. They are taught to concentrate on the pretenses of preparation, to believe in courses and certificates, rather than to judge them, rejecting busywork and demanding always the solid food of learning. In effect, the talented are asked to shift their effort from substance and self-discipline to formalism and play-acting. And this shift is imposed without malice, indeed, hardly with any clear intent.

Take a simple example—the present ways of qualifying by means of the foreign languages. At an earlier time, it was assumed that certain languages were interesting in themselves and for the

wisdom to which they gave access. But what would Latin and Greek help one to qualify for? Nothing readily visible; so they were abandoned: let us have nothing but living tongues. But which? Well, the proximity of South America suggested that Spanish might be good for businessmen, better than more "remote" modern languages. So French and German were dropped from many high schools. The colleges soon felt the lack, and tried to remedy it, but the catch phrase that "language is a tool" became the excuse for teaching only scientific German and newspaper French. Finding that under this scheme few students learned any language at all, the graduate schools abandoned the idea that a doctor of philosophy should be, among other things, multilingual, so the language requirement was cut down to a reading knowledge for the research topic—the one or two languages in which sources unfortunately had been written.

After this it was discovered that mathematics was a language and one of special importance to social and physical scientists, so in many institutions mathematics can be substituted for one of the two doctoral languages. The climax of this self-deception is the repeated proposal that schools and departments accept not only mathematics but elementary sociology or psychology as interchangeable with the foreign tongues. Now sociology is important, and one may concede that it is often written in a manner foreign to English, but this does not make it a language; nor does the pretense of serving utility conceal the desire to get rid of difficult subjects. One is thus driven to the conclusion that the essence of qualifying is not to achieve but to put in time and effort; to satisfy, not another mind which might pass judgment, but an abstract requirement which is neutral.

Achievement is, of course, not positively forbidden, but the distinction between doing and qualifying marks a fundamental difference, one which, I am happy to note, some colleges recognize by according liberal credit for achievement examinations. It is this fundamental difference that the mandarin system tends to obliterate. The unspoiled talent instinctively regards study or work as valuable for what it is, what it does, what it tells. It may also be valuable for what it leads to, but only in the sense of leading to the same kind of enjoyment—curiosity appeased or a sense of mastery, or both.

The opposite temperament does not know these motives: it finds substance negligible and conventional arrangements all-important. It is moved by another kind of ambition altogether, that of the self-seeker or born mandarin. If a college degree is needed to become a junior executive in Plastic Foods, Incorporated, the mandarin type will readily pick up the necessary B.S. He may even do so with a certain dash and brilliance, but the contents of the program are to him a hurdle challenging only his ability to jump. I say again that I have no grievance against this type of mind. It is not a stupid or useless mind; its weakness is that it does not care what you set before it.

When the needs of modern industry and the modern state call for large numbers of such minds, when that call is made and given effect through the agency of our colleges and universities, it is only to be expected that the example of the mandarin mind and the atmosphere and curriculum it produces, should draw everything in its wake. Shortly, everybody—talents included—comes to regard not study merely but work itself as a kind of formal gesture, a ritual that one goes through in order to satisfy an irrelevant demand for an ulterior purpose.

At this point the danger is manifest: we submerge our talents, not by coercion from outside but by an insidious influence acting within. The measure of the evil is easy to grasp: during the semester just closed, millions of Americans of all ages have completed some form of training in collegiate, graduate, or continuation classes. They have *taken* (we do not say "studied") hundreds of subjects. How many such persons said to themselves as they finished: "This has been a revelation, a delight; it deals with what I have always wanted to do and to go on doing"? How many, on the contrary, were only waiting for the moment when they could say: "Now I'm through with that forever—and only six more credits to go." I naturally do not include here the sighs of relief at the conclusion of a bad course in a subject that might otherwise have captivated a good mind. I refer only to an attitude which is so common that it is enshrined in a phrase used by teachers to students: "The thing to do is to get your language (or your history or math or whatever) *out of the way*."

I said a moment ago that when this attitude prevails, not only study but work also will turn into a ritual. My remark might have

been an exaggeration as late as thirty years ago, when work and study still formed a natural contrast. In those days gifted youth might chafe at prolonged study and yearn to enter the real world where they could discard theory, handle concrete objects, and command men. But now, as we saw, the methods of business and industry are but a loose extension of those of the classroom and the research cubicle. The simple principle of modern organization is that whatever needs doing is done on and by paper. The occasions for handling objects are few, the chances of commanding men are nil. No one, indeed, gives orders; rather, everyone administers public relations.

Closely related to the use of committees, the practice of public relations is the means by which make-believe has conquered the realm formerly called work. The daily effort of the young executive and the perennial problem in his briefcase is how to manipulate persons through facts and figures, stock phrases, and plausible arguments. To think of a way to persuade a committee is the highest reach of executive mind, for individual work is unimportant compared to team work. Again, most of the situations dealt with are not of substance but of organization, that is, obscure troubles within the human contingent. Hence universal public relations. Finally, as a natural consequence, the ideas found in the endless reports and memoranda are designed to keep things going rather than to engender novelty.

It is no wonder that intelligent men subdued to this kind of activity and thereby deprived of genuine work fall into the habit of referring to their job as frustrating, while maintaining also that it is creative. They call it frustrating because that is their chief sensation; they call it creative because that is their lost hope.

To label as creative a mode of behavior which is born of, and sustained by, make-believe is a sad joke, of the kind which turns so much of modern humor into a wry disapproval of oneself. But the pretensions do not end with the label. They have further effects, which can also be gauged by simply looking about. I have in mind the extraordinary, ubiquitous passion for research. Formerly a prerogative of science and scholarship, research is now an attribute of nearly all occupations above manual labor. I cannot enumerate

the many kinds of fact and fantasy the term covers. A researcher may be a girl who verifies facts for a weekly magazine, a canvasser who asks housewives what detergents they use, a strategist who designs the sequence of business or industrial operations, or a middleman who takes a fee for matching intricate job-descriptions with bodies that "qualify." In these and other exertions of the average educated mind, research has come to mean finding out what others do, or else standing off and looking hard at one's own performance. Research is surveying and comparison tinged with self-consciousness.

Yet the reputation that research has acquired by association with science implies much more. In the public mind, research means new theory guiding and improving practice; it means academico-scientific method ruling the marketplace; it means study for the sake of prophecy—a supreme merit in these days when the prophet-motive is reinforced by a pathological hatred of risk. These many circumstances combine to make the occupation of research the highest in prestige. To do research, no matter what, is considered at once noble and profound. Here is a man who might be doing something and lo, he is only thinking about it. How unselfish of him! Surely, he takes less from society than the doer and contributes more. The paradox is that the greater our regard for research, the higher it is paid; and the higher the pay, the greater the prestige, so that research becomes the unique occupation to combine spiritual and material reward.

We see this reflected in the sinister mood that has overtaken the academic profession. Since the last war the desire of colleges and universities for prestige through research has become a fever, an obsession. It manifests itself in a ruthless competition for the best-known men in all fields, to whom the rival institutions offer high salaries and virtual freedom from teaching. Each bidder hopes that the incumbent once bought will yield prestige, like so much butter churned from the pure milk of research. Below the top ranks, promotion is for those who qualify—by research. For research, money is no object; materials and assistants are lavishly provided. As for teaching, why, such courses as the great man might have taught can always be inexpensively handled by graduate students.

The insanity of these proceedings is so remarkable that it cannot be accounted for simply as vulgar snobbery. Anybody can see that if

our great researchers do not teach, in twenty years there will be no researchers to take up their work. Anybody can see that if the academies are expecting the largest enrollments in history, this is not the time to put teachers out to grass. Anybody can see that if research is deemed an absolute good, regardless of what it is about, and if it is bought uncritically at extravagant rates for mere show, then research is not a career but a racket.

Anybody, I say, can see these consequences. Hence it is not heedlessness but a deeper impulse that inspires the frenzy. Is it not astonishing, to begin with, that men capable of ideas should suddenly scorn to impart them to the natural audience provided by teaching? History records no previous instance of this self-denial. Can it be—and here we come full circle to our starting point—can it be that what we see in our best men is less a desire for the peace of research than a positive distaste for the kind of teaching engendered by make-believe?

There is evidence for the surmise. It is common talk among teachers that in a class of thirty they find only two or three worth their exertions. This does not mean that the rest are idiots, but that whether the rest do well or poorly, they are only pretending to think and to learn. They stay aloof from difficulty, they are cool to ideas, and they certainly acknowledge no master. The name "disciple" would offend them—as I was told by a college president who was sure that it is a term of opprobrium fit only to describe a relation of intellectual dependence. That dependence is clearly not for those whose aim is simply to qualify. Any term paper by a qualifier will show the true modern relation of *in*dependence—from the teacher and from the subject also. In such papers there may be no errors, but neither is there any involvement, no conviction that what is said did happen, or could matter to a sensible person. It is, after all, only a term paper, part of the requirement to qualify for a passing grade, which in turn qualifies for the next course and ultimately for the first job.

Anyone can see where pretense and prestige about work and study will lead if unchecked. It is not solely in business and government that make-believe can rot away performance. Research done by minds habitually and innocently pretentious will be shallow.

Teaching by these same minds will automatically be instruction in how *not* to come to grips with fact and truth. And at last we shall find around us nothing but facsimiles of talent, talent sterilized from teaching, from working, from the engendering of ideas, though perhaps expert in frustration and great babblers about creativeness.

No more than others do I like to dwell on this image of a grey-flannel world. Nor does my depiction mean that I think its advent foredoomed. Whether it comes or not will depend on how many among the coming generations will revolt ahead of time against it. And this in turn depends on traits of mind and character which are too deep-rooted to be reached by sermons. That is why I exhort no one to do anything but think about what I have said. Let these observations be tested against what can be seen and heard. For one has to *be* revolted by what one sees and hears before one can revolt to any purpose. If I am asked, at this last minute, what exactly one should do when one has been aroused to take one's own road, I can say only two things, which are already well known and indeed familiar. The great difficulty is to believe them.

First, do not tolerate cant, especially in yourself. Talk nonsense all you want, but not cant—which is to say, pretense, make-believe, play-acting. Give these no quarter—in your tastes, your views, your hopes, your fears, your merits, your faults.

Second, for the sake of your work, attach yourself in reality or imagination to a doer—a living man or an historical figure—from the study of whose example you may draw instruction, warning, and the vivifying force of past accomplishment clearly conceived.

If you do these two things with pertinacity and point, then no matter what your profession and your fate, and no matter how few survive to the end the pressures of the environment, those who have come before and who have not buried their talents will cheerfully leave the stage to you, confident and grateful, free from the mortal doubt, "where are the disciples?"

The Match

By SAM BRADLEY

"And Jacob was left alone; and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day. . . . And Jacob called the name of the place Peniel: 'For I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved."

Wrestler, He came. *Can flesh have weight*
with Him? Or love and hate?

Struggler, strength's in my pride.
Flesh, as searched, seized, tried,
commanded, made sovereign, is clothed
in favor. Who can compel?
I decide
earth as mine, under my spell.
Defenceless men I've loathed.

Stars flared. He fell.

Fell human, yet hidden. I moaned.
"Otherness?" (Who can compel?)
My claimed Otherness. Yet owned
and owed.

No Breath's advantage showed.
He strove. He struck from air
all Space known mine, all void
I had conceived.
His downfalling, believed,
constricted breath. How scourged! to bear

His fleshless weight! to writhe
so near a heart! for that night,
death, supplanted, stood aside:
alive, verily alive,

SAM BRADLEY, well-known Quaker poet, has long been a teacher of American literature and his poetry has appeared in most of the leading journals in the country. He is on the editorial board of *Approach*.

I was pinioned, though I tried
    to thrust most deadly
my malice in His Face.
For an eternity my pride
    withered, laid waste
by His semblance of embrace.

Racked, I heaved. Imaged like Him,
I could ground Him. But in overturn,
no advantage. I could not immolate
    Him in my error:
    to possess, unpossessed,
    all earth's dear weight.
Outdone, distressed,
    and night but veil of my terror,
    dark knotted last strength
and will to will, length to length,
I wrought again to crush His vast
    perplexing of my clay.
O to hold Him low! and strangle Him
    at break of day!

Dust's dewed shell. (Who can compel?)
My strength had no substance;
like my intent, was chaff.
"I suffer You! I suffer You!"
I cried. "There is in You
no weakness, such as this You flout.
    Lift me. Uphold me.
        O bless!
I am reed: You are Staff!
And Your Breath in my darkness
has burnt resistance out!"

Then: I saw, or felt,
His face (dawn over dawn beyond dawn).

And where I knelt
—grappling hands cooled by grass,
ribs drinking in release—
transcendance came to pass.
    I ruled. Governed
    not Him, but me,

and from weight of things, had immunity.
Again, in pride, I was free
to win His peace.

Lo! here is my dark—lo, here
He wrestled me.

When Men

By HAROLD WITT

When men work summers shirtless in the sun,
their honest muscles moving seem to swim
lake-pure morning though they dig in grime,
the lines are Greek that narrow to their jeans—
a Parthenon is what the street becomes.

However ugly, cupolas beyond,
flaked paint, turd colored fence, fake stone,
a grace invades the Coca-Cola signs;
that luminous nudity makes all viewers nude—
they watch the pickaxe arc with quicker blood.

And, at the jackhammer, like a handsome dancer
holding his jarred stance in a dust that dims,
from his waist up, one man gleams and glints
as if since Phidias there had been no time
despite this steel, cacophonous invention.

The same male frame and pectoral perfection
—fat man's despair and envy of the thin—
persist against the dullness with a shine,
and women warmly watching in a din
feel antique meanings touching them like hands.

HAROLD WITT has appeared several times on these pages, most recently with "Christmas Poem" in the last issue. Macmillan has just accepted his third book of poetry for publication.

Memory

By VIRGINIA KOBLER

You
backyard
be forgot
recede
into an odor
of the ground

Behind a barricade
Under moss and compost
quit blistering
that sore
was sealed
quit criming back

I'll shake a string at you
I'll bang a pan
I have taken an amnesiac
prescribbled by a man
who has a number of degrees

Come eat my thoughts
Sweet sandy milk white pill
this weakling potion
serves to change
the images
from red to
grieving violet

The scream becomes
A whisper in a dream
shoo
go away
oh God
shoo
shoo

VIRGINIA KOBLER, a painter in Seattle, made her first appearance in print as a poet with "Plea" in our Fall, 1959, issue.

Line drawings by Mary Sarnow

A Passage to Relationship

By NANCY HALE

■ What has made the novel so perennially fascinating a form to generations of readers is not merely that it concerns interacting relationships but that, like life, the novel deals with relationships between all degrees of conflicting mentalities, classes, races, maturities, moralities. William Maxwell, writing about the novel, observes, "If, as Mr. T. S. Eliot says, humankind cannot bear very much reality, then that would account for their turning to the novel. Or there may be another explanation: it may be that what humankind cannot bear directly it can bear indirectly, from a safe distance." And E. M. Forster says,

> We cannot understand each other except in a rough and ready way; we cannot reveal ourselves, even when we want to; what we call intimacy is only makeshift; perfect knowledge is an illusion. But in the novel we can know people perfectly and apart from the general pleasure of reading; we can find here a compensation for their dimness, in life. In this, fiction

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NANCY HALE contributes regularly to *The New Yorker* and her work also has appeared in *Harper's Bazaar, The Virginia Quarterly Review, The Saturday Review,* and other magazines. For the past three years she has taught fiction at the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference. Her most recent novel, *Dear Beast,* has just been published by Little, Brown.

> is truer than history, because it goes beyond the evidence, and each of us knows from his own experience that there *is* something beyond the evidence—and if the novelist has not got it correctly, well—he has tried.

Through the reading of novels life, that alarming, exhausting, fascinating, dangerous, bewildering business, can be tasted without undue pain or untoward consequence; even reflected upon and learned from.

An illusion of life is, technically speaking, best rendered when it is supported, as real lives are, by a framework of purpose, which in a novel is called theme. If the theme is a valid one, absorbing and universally applicable, it will, like a strong armature in sculpture, support the semblance of life. (If it is inadequate, scenery and characters will most likely collapse.) No larger theme has been attempted in the novel of our time than that of Forster's *A Passage to India.* It is that of separateness; division; of the splitting so characteristic of this world since Luther, so obviously the cause of all our woes, so apparently irredeemable. In *A Passage To India* we view the separation of race from race, religion from religion, sex from sex, caste from caste, and, most significantly of all, friend from friend. As Lionel Trilling has pointed out, throughout Forster's novel runs the device of the echo, to every happening, to every sound. Characters in the novel are plagued by echoes, real and imaginary. Actions or speeches in the novel are later echoed in faintly varied form. Motifs are echoed. Characters have their echoes in other characters. Every virtue has its negative echo, every vice its separate echo of ironic good.

Now, division, separateness, is, of course, an opposite to relationship; and relationship is, as we have seen, the proper concern of the novel. People talk constantly about their relationships, with this person and that, with their aunts and their dentist and their divorced wife's husband. Do they know what they mean? Webster defines relationship as: The state of being related, by kindred, relation, or connection. To be related, he further states, is to stand in relation or connection; to be connected by blood or alliance, especially by consanguinity, which in turn means relationship by blood; kinship. And kinship means, in that charming fashion by which the dictionary brings you back to where you started, relationship.

In what I am going to say about *A Passage To India* I want to

try not merely to exhibit relationships as we experience them in the pages of this novel; I am going to try to exhibit something in *A Passage To India* which I believe is to be found there—a sort of definition, made through the novel's action, of relationship itself. I believe that *A Passage To India* is concerned not only with relationships but with the subject of relationship and that by a better understanding of what Forster says about relationship, in his novel, we may better understand that which is the material of all novels.

The plot of *A Passage To India,* figuring forth its theme, is about a young English lady, Adela Quested, who comes to India chaperoned by the elderly Mrs. Moore to see Ronnie, Adela's fiance and Mrs. Moore's son by a first marriage. Both are liberal, both are shocked by the arrogance of the ruling British and repelled by Ronnie's manner in assuming the white man's burden. Acting against convention, Mrs. Moore goes into a mosque one evening alone, and there makes acquaintance with Dr. Aziz, a young Moslem bitterly snubbed and hurt by, and at odds with, the British. Through him comes Mrs. Moore's and Adela's chance to know "the real India." Aziz organizes a picnic expedition to the Marabar Caves, in one of which Mrs. Moore has an upsetting psychic experience with its echo. In another of the caves Adela has the hallucination that, in the darkness, Aziz has attempted to rape her. At her accusation, the entire British community is fired to heroic rage. Only Fielding, the local college principal, and Mrs. Moore are unconvinced of Aziz' guilt but perceive that Adela is the victim of a delusion. Fielding is ostracized for his championing of the native, and Ronnie sends his mother back to England. At the trial, Adela suddenly realizes the hallucinatory nature of her experience and recants. Aziz is cleared, Fielding is promoted, the English colony is furious.

This is the story that the novelist has undertaken to make real for us, and he does so by a combination of recreating the tempo of life upon the Indian subcontinent; composing scenes which we can visualize and which stamp themselves lastingly upon the mind—a great virtue in the novel, where it is important to an enjoyment of the whole that one should not forget what has gone before; and by his rendering of character. These three elements, of course, occur simultaneously, intermeshing with and supplementing each other.

While the short story can be written in the most gentle of

rhythms and yet enmesh the happenings of a whole year in one event, its tempo is not that of real life but that of inner decision; the tempo of crisis. A novel, on the other hand, although written in Hemingway's tight staccato or O'Hara's tough idiom, must yet preserve the illusion of life as life really happens, not boiled down into one revealing incident, but related, seen as it occurs, one event following another in what Frank O'Connor has called the rhythm of life itself. Listen to Forster, in *A Passage To India*, giving the tempo of Moslem life:

> [Aziz], too, generalized from his disappointments—it is difficult for members of a subject race to do otherwise. Granted the exceptions, he agreed that all Englishwomen are haughty and venal. The gleam passed from the conversation, whose wintry surface unrolled and expanded interminably.
>
> A servant announced dinner. They ignored him. The elder men had reached their eternal politics. Aziz drifted into the garden. The trees smelt sweet—green-blossomed champak—and scraps of Persian poetry came into his head. Dinner, dinner, dinner . . . but when he returned to the house for it, Mahmoud Ali had drifted away in his turn, to speak to his sais. "Come and see my wife a little, then," said Hamidullah, and they spent twenty minutes behind the purdah. Hamidullah Begum was a distant aunt of Aziz . . . and she had much to say to him on this occasion about a family circumcision that had been celebrated with imperfect pomp. It was difficult to get away, because until they had had their dinner she would not begin hers, and consequently prolonged her remarks in case they should suppose she was impatient. Having censured the circumcision, she bethought herself of kindred topics, and asked Aziz when he was going to be married.
>
> Respectful but irritated, he answered, "Once is enough."

An evocation of the British side of life is in contrast. The two visiting ladies have voiced among the English colony their request to see something of the real India:

> "Miss Quested, what a name!" remarked Mrs. Turton to her husband as they drove away. She had not taken to the new young lady, thinking her ungracious and cranky. She trusted that she hadn't been brought out to marry nice little Heaslop, though it looked like it. Her husband agreed with her in his heart, but he never spoke against an Englishwoman if he could avoid doing so, and he only said that Miss Quested naturally made mistakes. He added: "India does wonders for the judgment, especially during the hot weather; it has even done wonders for Fielding." Mrs. Turton closed her eyes at this name and remarked that Mr. Fielding wasn't pukka, and had better marry Miss Quested, for she wasn't pukka.

> Then they reached their bungalow . . . in the civil station, with a sunk soup plate of a lawn, and they had one drink more, this time of barley water, and went to bed. Their withdrawal from the club had broken up the evening, which, like all gatherings, had an official tinge. A community that bows the knee to a Viceroy and believes that the divinity that hedges a king can be transplanted, must feel some reverence for any viceregal substitute. At Chandrapore the Turtons were little gods; soon they would retire to some suburban villa, and die exiled from glory.

A fictional problem which requires expert legerdemain is that of presenting a character who is to be good, who is to be in the right. It is far easier to make readers take to villains than to heroes. If the hero is praised, he will sound goody-goody. If he is revealed in all his superiority, the reader's sympathy will at once go sneaking out to his inferiors. Dr. Aziz, in *A Passage To India,* is one of these problem characters. He is in the right, he is earnest, he is seriously wronged—a combination of traits that would make him thoroughly unbearable as a character if he were treated seriously. But the success of this novel depends upon the reader's being sympathetic to Aziz. Forster solves the problem by making him funny, and Forster can be, I think, one of the funniest writers in English. The reader laughs at Aziz, and the more he laughs, the more tenderly he feels, as when Aziz is preparing to set forth on his picnic party to the Marabar Caves:

> Aziz was terribly worried. . . . Trouble after trouble encountered him. . . .
>
> At last the moment arrived.
>
> His friends thought him most unwise to mix himself up with English ladies and warned him to take every precaution against unpunctuality. Consequently he spent the previous night at the station. The servants were huddled on the platform, enjoined not to stray. He himself walked up and down. . . . He felt insecure and also unreal. A car drove up, and he hoped Fielding would get out of it, to lend him solidity. But it contained Mrs. Moore, Miss Quested, and their Goanese servant. He rushed to meet them, suddenly happy. "But you've come, after all! Oh, how very kind of you!" he cried. "This is the happiest moment in all my life!"
>
> The ladies were civil. It was not the happiest moment in their lives, still, they looked forward to enjoying themselves as soon as the bother of the early start was over. . . .
>
> They had no race-consciousness—Mrs. Moore was too old, Miss Quested too new—and behaved to Dr. Aziz as to any young man who had been kind to them in the country. This moved him deeply. He had

expected them to arrive with Mr. Fielding, instead of which they trusted themselves to be with him a few moments alone.

"Send back your servant," he suggested. "Then we shall all be Moslems together." . . .

"Do get rid of him, Dr. Aziz," [Miss Quested said].

"Mohammed Latif!" he called.

The poor relative [in the train] exchanged fezzes with a melon, and peeped out of the window of the railway carriage, whose confusion he was superintending.

"Here is my cousin, Mr. Mohammed Latif. Oh, no, don't shake hands, he is an Indian of the old sort, he prefers to salaam. There, I told you so! Mohammed Latif, how beautifully you salaam! See, he hasn't understood; he knows no English."

"You spick lie," said the old man gently.

"I spick a lie! Oh, jolly good! Isn't he a funny old man? We will have great jokes with him later. He does all sorts of little things. He is not nearly as stupid as you think, and awfully poor." He threw one arm round the grubby neck. . . .

He was getting nervous again, for it was ten minutes to the time. Still, Fielding was an Englishman and they never do miss trains, and Godbole was a Hindu and did not count, and, soothed by this logic, he grew calmer.

Under cover of amusement we have been told several things about Aziz—that he has humility, is anxious to please, kind, imaginative, and very conscious of his race, none of which it would have done to assert outright. But if it is necessary to convey by trickery the true nature of a fictional hero, it is twice as necessary for the novelist to conceal the true nature of his theme. A novel which conveys no meaning beyond its overt story is not only boring but is only half of itself. For behind the outer shape of any idea at all swells the inner curve of its meaning. This meaning can be ignored, indeed an author can remain ignorant of it. But it is there. For authors who know it is there and wish to convey it to their readers remains the problem of how it is to be conveyed. The intelligent reader will shy like a skittish horse from having meanings pointed out to him. Moreover, the intelligent author is far too respectful of meaning to go hawking it round the market place. He knows that meaning, to mean anything, must do that: mean, not state. Meaning is inseparable from idea. The idea is the statement; the meaning—is the meaning of the idea. The choicest tricks in the literary magicians' bags, the ones that can't be bought at all, are the ones involving meaning.

A Passage To India means a great many things but it has one meaning which, I believe, underlies all the others. Let us see if we can catch it in the echo Mrs. Moore heard in the cave at Marabar.

> The more she thought about it, the more disagreeable and frightening it became. She minded it much more now than at the time. The crush and the smells in the cave she could forget, but the echo began in some indescribable way to undermine her hold on life. Coming at a moment when she chanced to be fatigued, it had managed to murmur, "Pathos, piety, courage—they exist, but are identical, and so is filth. Everything exists, nothing has value." If one had spoken vileness in that place, or quoted lofty poetry, the comment would have been the same—"ou-boum." If one had spoken with the tongues of angels and pleaded for all the unhappiness and misunderstanding in the world, past, present and to come, for all the misery men must undergo whatever their opinion and position, and however much they dodge and bluff—it would amount to the same. . . .
>
> . . . suddenly, at the edge of her mind Religion appeared, poor little talkative Christianity, and she knew that all its divine words from "Let there be Light" to "It is finished" only amounted to "boum."

Of this quotation let us note only that, in the cave's echo, Mrs. Moore has heard something that negates all her values—a balance, an opposite, to everything positive—and that she feels this to be unbearable.

After Adela has accused Dr. Aziz of attempting to rape her in the cave, an atmosphere of controlled hysteria descends over the English community.

> People drove in to the English Club with studious calm—the jog-trot of country gentlefolk between green hedgerows, for the natives must not suspect that they were agitated. They exchanged the usual drinks, but everything tasted different, and then they looked out at the palisade of cactuses stabbing the purple throat of the sky; they realized that they were thousands of miles from any scenery that they understood. The club was fuller than usual, and several parents had brought their children into the rooms reserved for adults, which gave the air of the Residency at Lucknow. One young mother—a brainless but most beautiful girl—sat on a low ottoman in the smoking-room with her baby in her arms; her husband was away . . . and she dared not return to her bungalow in case "the niggers attacked." The wife of a small railway official, she was generally snubbed; but this evening, with her abundant figure and masses of corn-gold hair, she symbolized all that is worth fighting and dying for; more permanent a symbol, perhaps, than poor Adela. "Don't worry, Mrs. Blakiston, those drums are only Mohurram," the men would tell her. "Then they've started," she moaned, clasping the infant and rather wishing he would not blow bubbles down his chin at such a moment as this. "No, of course not! And anyhow they're not coming to the Club." "And they're not coming to the Burra Sahib's bungalow either, my dear, and that's where you and your baby'll sleep tonight," answered Mrs. Turton, towering by her side like Pallas Athene, and determining in the future not to be such a snob.

Mrs. Moore is one of the only two people who retain the conviction that Aziz has been wrongly accused, and her son Ronnie ships Mrs. Moore back to England in all the heat of May. She is too deeply disorganized by that echo, about which she is still brooding, to remonstrate or to come to Dr. Aziz' aid.

> She had come to that state where the horror of the universe and its smallness are both visible at the same time—the twilight of the double vision in which so many elderly people are involved. . . . In the twilight of the double vision, a spiritual muddledom is set up, for which no high-sounding words can be found; we can neither act nor refrain from action, we can neither ignore nor respect Infinity. . . .
>
> What had spoken to Mrs. Moore in that scoured-out cavity in the granite? . . . Something very old and very small. Before time, it was before space also. Something snub-nosed, incapable of generosity—the undying worm itself. Since hearing its voice she had not entertained one large thought. . . . All this fuss over a frightened girl! Nothing had

happened, "and if it had," she found herself thinking with the cynicism of a withered priestess, "if it had, there are worse evils than love." The unspeakable attempt presented itself to her as love: in a cave, in a church —Boum, it amounts to the same.

The crisis of all the lesser crises in *A Passage To India* comes when Adela appears, faint and ill, in court to testify against Aziz. A quotation from this scene, though cut, will give an example of the shift in tempo, in character, which is what crisis in a novel implies. In fiction, when a crisis is dealt with, the reader has passed over a bridge and reached another shore. Something has been changed for good.

Adela had always meant to tell the truth and nothing but the truth. . . . As soon as she rose to reply, and heard the sound of her own voice, she feared [no longer]. . . . A new and unknown sensation protected her, like magnificent armor. She didn't think what had happened or even remember in the ordinary way of memory, but she returned to the Marabar Hills, and spoke from them across a sort of darkness to Mr. McBryde [the Superintendent of Police, prosecuting]. The fatal day recurred, in every detail, but now she was of it and not of it at the same time, and this double relation gave it indescribable splendour. . . . Now the sun rose again, the elephant waited, the pale masses of the rock flowed around her and presented the first cave. . . . Questions were asked and to each she found the exact reply; yes, she had noticed the 'Tank of the Dagger' . . . yes, Mrs. Moore had been tired after the first cave and sat in the shadow of a great rock. . . .

"You went alone into one of the caves?"

"That is quite correct."

"And the prisoner followed you."

"Now we've got 'im," from the Major.

She was silent. The court . . . awaited her reply. But she could not give it until [where her mind now was] Aziz entered the place of answer.

"The prisoner followed you, didn't he?" [Mr. McBryde] repeated in the monotonous tones they both used; they were employing agreed words throughout, so that this part of the proceedings held no surprises.

"May I have half a moment before I reply to that, Mr. McBryde?"

"Certainly."

Her vision was of several caves. She saw herself in one, and she was also outside it, watching its entrance, for Aziz to pass in. She failed to locate him. It was the doubt that had often before visited her, but solid and attractive, like the hills. . . . "I am not quite sure."

"I beg your pardon?" said the Superintendent of Police.

"I cannot be sure . . ."

"I didn't catch that answer." He looked scared, his mouth shut with a snap. "You are on that landing, or whatever we term it, and you have entered a cave. I suggest to you that the prisoner followed you."

She shook her head.

"What do you mean, please?"

"No," she said, in a flat, unattractive voice. Slight noises began in various parts of the room, but no one yet understood what was occurring except Fielding. He saw that she was going to have a nervous breakdown and that his friend was saved.

The crux of the action in the novel—the event on which all the excitement, both English and Indian, has hinged, the one big fact —was, actually, an illusion, a hallucination in Adela's mind. That outrage which provoked so much heroics, such a parade of English godalmightiness and of Indian emotionalism, is echoed by a kind of—Boum; it never happened at all.

At the novel's end all the separations which so abound in this book, all the pairs of opposites, are brought together symbolically in a meeting, some years later, between Aziz and Fielding. Any resolution to the myriad conflicts the novel recognizes, the reader may expect to find here. Lionel Trilling in his book on Forster queries why Aziz, the principal character in *A Passage To India* to represent the Eastern view, is made a Moslem instead of a Hindu, when the book was so suffused by Hinduism. I suggest that it is because the hate and violence of Islam constitute a suitable opposite to the love and busy activity of that Western culture which Fielding, for all his liberality, perforce represents. This pair of opposites, standing for all the other pairs of opposites, rides along with Aziz and Fielding as they guide their horses side by side through the Mau jungle. Forster is an artist, not a reformer or a prophet, and so, if the reader follows along in the rear of the horses, he must expect to catch, not statements of meaning, but only hints, in the conversation that drifts back to him.

The echo in the caves negated Western values no more completely than the British in this novel have negated Eastern values. And in their final conversation, Aziz and Fielding both negate Hinduism. "Do you know anything about this Krishna business?" Fielding asks.

"My dear chap, . . . how should it concern you and me?"

"I want to discover its spiritual side, if it has one," Fielding says.

"It is useless discussing Hindus with me. . . . Why so curious about them?"

"It's difficult to explain," Fielding answers. He has married a daughter of Mrs. Moore's, and Mrs. Moore, who died on the voyage back to England, was something curiously sacred to Aziz, a sort of unifying symbol between East and West. "Why do my wife and her brother like Hinduism? . . . They won't talk to me about this."

"Oh, shut up," Aziz, nevertheless says. "Don't spoil our last hour with foolish questions. Leave Krishna alone and talk about something sensible."

What *do* these men consider sensible, as they proceed to discuss a solution to the East-West problem? Fielding thinks, concerning his wife, "there seemed now to be a link between them at last—that link outside either participant that is necessary to every relationship." To this inheritor of the Christian tradition, love, that outside link of the interpersonal relation, is the answer to the riddle of relatedness.

Aziz' solution to the problem, as a Moslem, is, "Clear out of India, I say. . . . Clear out, you fellows, double quick. . . . We shall drive every blasted Englishman into the sea. . . . And then . . . you and I can be friends." Only by nationalism, which is a sort of mass egotism, can the gulf be bridged.

" 'Why can't we be friends *now*?' " Fielding asks. " 'It's what I want. It's what you want.' But the horses didn't want it—they swerved apart; the earth didn't want it, sending up rocks through which riders must pass single file."

Nature itself is not willing to go along with either the Christian or the Moslem solution—at least not Nature in this Hindu ground over which they ride. Is there a solution to the problem of division offered in that Hindu thought which both riders have just dismissed with such contempt?

Krishna, the incarnation of Brahman, says in the Bhagavad-Gita,

> This entire universe is pervaded by me, in that eternal form of mine which is not manifest to the senses. Although I am not in any creature, all creatures exist within me. I do not mean that they exist within me physically. That is my divine mystery. My Being sustains all creatures and brings them to birth, but has no physical contact with them.

My face is equal
To all creation
Loving no one
Nor hating any.

The God of the Hindus is a god of Being, without attributes; and is far from being the god of extinction which Trilling appears to imagine it. "That which is non-existent can never come into being," Krishna says. "And that which is, can never cease to be. Bodies are said to die, but that which possesses the body is eternal." In the philosophy of the Bhagavad Gita, which has been called the Hindu New Testament, relationship is seen to consist in the acceptance of relationship.

Mrs. Moore could not accept the answering echo. Aziz can not accept the West. The English could not accept that Miss Quested's experience could be all an illusion; if that was illusion, how much else in their whole situation might not also be illusion? Nobody in the book—except Dr. Godbole, himself a Hindu—can accept the premise upon which Hindu philosophy rests, that everything in the universe has, so to speak, its echo, and that echo *its* echo; that opposites exist to everything, and, because they exist, are related. The fact of the existence of two opposed things *is* the relationship between them.

Aziz and Fielding, through this view of life which they reject but which we are entitled to suspect their creator, Forster, accepts, may not be able to be friends; neither need they be enemies. Since both exist, they are already related; the relationship is there and needs only to be accepted. But that they cannot do, riding past "the temples, the tank, the jail, the palace, the birds, the carrion, the Guest House, that came into view as they issued from the gap and saw Mau beneath: they didn't want it, they said in their hundred voices, 'No, not yet'; and the sky said, 'No, not there.' "

I myself think that Forster is suggesting, in the culminating words of a novel which is all suggestion, that behind the Moslem God, and the Christian God, sits enthroned a God of acceptance, who embraces all things, not because they are sensible, or admirable, or right, or pitiable, or lovable, or in any way worthy, but simply because He *is*, and they *are*.

Explaining a Peninsula

By ERLING LARSEN

■ When I saw the yellow sunrise rim the first wooded hills, and when I crossed the first foaming coffee-clear streams, I understood that since the foggy greyness of dawn I had felt a guilty release, a conscience-colored pleasure, and I found it very easy to explain: I was alone, I was driving alone, the road was open and empty. This explanation was easy and uninterrupted, easy perhaps because uninterrupted. And far too simple.

But it seemed good enough at the time. The ease and freedom, the release, were memory only, past sunrise washing over the present forests because once, years ago, coming back to the city from one of our first fishing trips, Martha reading the maps and calling the turns and road numbers, we had seen on the map this peninsula, and Martha, adding the red miles to figure time and distance, had said, "Let's go look at that. We've never seen it. We've never even known that it was there. Let's take one more day and look at it." And we had, at that time too stealing from authority and from established schedule, but at that time agreeing in conspiracy. And now I thought today's guilt also was memory, memory of that far past and of the questions which had been asked yesterday. Why, I asked myself now, still remembering, do you need two weeks away from home to do this one little job? And why could you not set up your typewriter at the office or in the attic or on the dining-room table and do this job which has immediate importance to no one but yourself?

ERLING LARSEN's story, "The Friendly Monuments," appeared in our Summer, 1957, issue. He teaches English at Carleton College and is associate editor of *The Carleton Miscellany*. In 1958 he published *Minnesota Trails*, described as "a volume of historical-meditational-geographical essays."

Why do you need as you need a drug all the fake drama of retirement into the wilderness to give the job, again that unimportant job, dignity and, yes, importance?

But now, when I had set the typewriter on a wobbly table in one of six log cabins in a row along the big lake and was trying to do the work I'd argued had to be done here and could be done only here, I understood I had not really known what my sunrise feeling had been and that surely I had not explained it. And I was thinking now as much about this as about the job I was trying to do. Superficially, I was thinking about the country, about those first hills and about coming in early morning to the first high ridge and seeing the lake all glittering, and these surface thoughts reflected in the way the work went.

They were surface but they hid great depths, I began to tell myself. Consider first the talk about wilderness. It was false. For this country was not really wild. It had been lived in for a long time. On that first trip up here, for instance, years ago, Martha and I had walked through the hills and found the holes the Indians had dug two centuries ago and the first shafts the white prospectors and miners and Indian-killers had driven into the sides of the hills, but other than these few holes in the ground all that remained as end result of all this shooting and digging was the white buildings of the old fort by the lake, standing still in a park among picnic tables and drinking fountains and shiny tin slides for children, to picnickers a Sunday symbol of great power useless now, expended uselessly, gone.

"Useless" was my word, the word coming to mind now that the words like "release" and "guilt" could no longer be made to fit or had come so close to being accurate that the other useless word "conscience" had driven them out. But, thinking still of the work and being unable to keep the country out of it, I wondered how the commandant of more than an hundred years ago would have reacted to my new word, to "useless." He would have been a man to speak, instead, of order and discipline, of precision and cleanliness, of organization and purpose. He would have been erect, blue-uniformed, gold-buttoned. He would have stood each morning inspecting his fifty soldiers on the small parade ground, the tassels of his cavalry sabre gleaming in the sunrise, his General Grant beard

freshly trimmed and hiding a mouth which was, or was it, soft, feminine, and loose-lipped?

We had talked about this, on that first trip years ago, when we'd gone inside the barracks and seen the commandant's apartment. Martha had said, "Discipline, yes. A piano. Square as a coffin on legs and weighing a thousand pounds. Brought out here by boat and carried up from the beach by ten soldiers. Purpose and discipline," she had said.

"He did it for his wife," I said, "who wanted to remember Maryland."

The fort stood on the shores of a small lake called Mary Karnes. And when we went upstairs we learned how the lake had got its name. The apartment was posted with signs telling us how primitive was the kitchen and how religious had been the commandant and pointing out the family Bible on the marble-topped table by the piano, and at the door of a small bedroom a sign told about the commandant's daughter, Mary Karnes, who had one day walked away from the fort and disappeared and never again been seen. All that was ever guessed about her fate was based on the finding of her sunbonnet and her apron hanging on a branch along the shores of the lake which "to this day bears her name." And here in this bedroom, to which access was now denied by a heavy woven-wire door, hung on the back of a spindly chair the little checked red and white sunbonnet and the checked red and white apron.

"We're ghouls," Martha had said. "We fatten on our dead."

"She couldn't abide the military life," I had said.

But Martha had not been satisfied with this as explanation and we had gone downstairs and out into the sun.

No, this was not a true wilderness. It was only empty. And the summer travelers, the trains of station wagons, the Buick-loads of children and tents and dogs and camp stoves, rarely invaded it. For it lay north of the transcontinental highways and for the long-haul summer tourer to see it would require one day at least not included in the schedule. To see this country would mean that he would have to drive six hundred miles and at the end of them be no farther on his way from there to there than he had been the day before. The people who came up into this country were people who wanted not

to drive through it but to stay in it, people, I told myself laughingly, who wanted to work. Or to rest.

Annoyed at my inability to get properly to work, I let these symbols work on my mind. And I was annoyed that I allowed these large signs and portents, which professionally, perhaps, but nonetheless involuntarily I saw in this country, to intrude on the work and to become a part of it. Also, there was the boy, Mike.

When I had got to this place this time, alone, the sun had been high and warm and the air full of the oily smell of pine. I stopped the car next to the gas pumps beneath the sign which said, "Why hurry? Stay here and relax." And Mike came out and asked, "You want some gas?"

"No," I said. "I want a place to stay. And relax in."

Mike moved his head in a way he had, jerking it back and up with a straightening and tightening of the neck and back, a gesture which I thought was meant to show amusement and scorn but looked more like embarrassment, and he said, "I guess in that car you don't need much gas. You fill it with an eyedropper?"

"No," I said. "It has a small wick in the trunk which I have to moisten once a month with lighter fluid."

Mike made the gesture again and said, "A cabin. You want a cabin?"

"Yes," I said. "If it's one I want."

"Follow me," he said formally.

Together we walked over the pavement of loose, round stones which the lake had washed up here and after some silence Mike said, searching for subject, "That wick business. That was pretty good."

"I thought so," I said. And he laughed. Finally, I told myself, you have an audience.

We got along well after that. At least, he began to talk. And kept on talking. He clumped about the cabin in his engineer's boots, his blue jeans belted low at the very point of falling off his hips, his white shirt open to the waist, his blond hair carefully combed long in back and with a lock over his forehead, and he said, "My father built this cabin. He built it out of pulpwood logs he fished from the lake. He put in the lights and did all the plumbing. And the first winter," he said, pointing at the ceiling, "before he put those

cross-ties and those supports in, the snow was so heavy that it caved in the roof. But he fixed it. And then he built the other cabins. And none of those roofs fell in. The winters up here are tough," he said, turning toward me, his hands on his belt and his elbows out.

"You live here all winter?" I asked him.

"We used to," he said, "until my father died. He was killed in an automobile accident. He was a very good driver but he was a very fast driver. It took them an hour to get him out of the wreck. They had to use welders' torches and they were afraid they'd blow up the gas tank. He was dead before they got there. It took them an hour after they got there."

Mike's main job around the cabins was to collect our garbage and tin cans. He made the rounds in an old grey jeep. Its windshield was cracked, its top was tattered, and on the front before the radiator was a large yellow hydraulic pump to which a snowblade could be attached. He roared from cabin to cabin in the jeep, the stones crackling and crunching under his tires, his engine revving high in low gear and, trying to work, I could hear his progress from cabin to cabin, the jeep's progress, the progress of banging garbage pails and rattling cans as he dumped the refuse of summer vacations into the big wooden box on the back of the jeep. And usually when he came to my place he stopped to talk. Sometimes he would even stop *not* to talk. He would come in and ask, "Do you have any waste paper or anything in here?" And when I would say no he would sit on the chair across the table from me and look at me. Some days, after sitting so for five minutes, he would stand up and say, "Well," and go away. But one day when he wanted to talk, he said, "Well, the summer's almost over. Winter will soon be here." And he explained why he hated to leave this place in winter and told what he didn't like about the mining towns down the peninsula where he would have to go to school and live in one of a row of houses and even, he said, be warm all the time.

"But isn't that better than being cold all the time?" I asked him.

"This country," he said, "has been a home to many."

I wanted him to say it again, so I said, "What?"

"It has been a home to many," he said.

"Like Mary Karnes," I said. "Like the soldiers. Like the Indians."

"Like my father," he said.

I didn't respond to this. I waited for more. But he sat silent, his left arm hooked over the back of his chair, his head stiffly arrested at the peak of that snorting, contemptuous gesture, and he looked past me out the window at the lake. Finally he said, "I bet that car of yours goes pretty fast."

"Sometimes," I said, evading and then sorry. So I asked, thinking of the hours he'd sat and looked at me, his head back, "Did you ever have a ride in one? Or would you like a ride?"

He relaxed a little. He said, "Oh," pretending doubt, and then he said, "Sure. I'll go and tell Mother." And he ran out, roared away in the jeep, and was back in thirty seconds knocking at the screen door.

I enjoyed driving on these roads which Mike said had cost his mother much business, explaining that people from Chicago upon arrival at this place had complained to his mother about the slow winding hilly roads and turned right around without staying, heading back to the concrete and the four-lane straights. And I had fallen into the habit of each evening after work driving to the top of what the people here called the mountain and sitting in the car to watch the sun set in the lake. So now I took Mike up the hill. I drove as quickly as I dared, climbing as fast as I could, coming finally, wheels spinning on the last steep gravel slope, to the top, where we stopped and shut off the engine.

"You want to see a wreck?" Mike asked. "A wrecked auto? That went over the cliff?"

And I had to walk with him to the edge, from which we could see, seven hundred feet below, a gash in the forest, a scar on the earth, and the black smashed car.

"Nobody was hurt," Mike said looking down, "nobody was even in it." He was talking over the cliff against the day's last rising air from the lake. "The people got out to look and the car rolled away. It was empty. And they never even tried to hoist it back up." He turned to me then and said, "There's a path. In case you want to walk down and see it." He pointed where people had walked and smoothed the yellow sun-baked grass.

"I'm tired," I said. "And I'm no climber."

Without pause he answered, "You ever see a real hermit?"

"No," I said.

"Come on and I'll show you one," he said. "We can drive."

To find him we had to come down from this highest part of the peninsula, the road going around the hill and down and then straight along the side of a steep ridge and finally running in a narrow valley between two ridges where suddenly, we coming to a gravel shoulder cut into the brush, Mike said, "This is the place to stop." It was quiet here, no wind blowing, the two ridges holding the air still with the smell of the day's heat in it, the cool air of evening not yet beginning to flow down the sides of the ridges. From the car, going straight up the ridge to our right, a lane of slashings like a fire-break ran up through the woods.

"You'll have to walk," Mike said. "But it isn't far. You can walk a little?"

This I ignored. And we started up an almost indiscernible path wound on deep leaf-moldy earth among the grey lichen-covered boulders. Young trees grew, spearing up from the brown, dry slashings which lay over the rocks and tangled across the path, young whippy trees with small tufts of light-seeking leaves at their tops, waist-high, whispering against our legs as we climbed. Mike went ahead, leader and guide. He had since getting into the car down on the lake shore been showing me the big important things he knew. Solemn, unsmiling, but talking fast with an excitement almost of discovery in his voice, he had told me about the old mines in the hills, the stone walls of ruined shaft houses, the deserts of grey mine tailings which had washed out to fill cedar swamps and smother acres of trees, the rubble heaps in which if you were lucky you could find pieces of raw copper as big as your head and much heavier. "If you're lucky," he said. Then he said, "You can see some of those places from the hermit's house."

"Who is this hermit?" I asked him.

"Bill," he said. "He was in the war. And after that he came up here. He built his whole house all by himself. He lives all alone. And he's very smart. Whenever he gets his government check he comes down and buys groceries enough to last exactly a month. He never buys too much and he never buys too little. He always knows exactly how much he will need for the next month. He's very intelligent. He built his house all by himself." Now we were climb-

ing less steeply. The path leveled off and we came out on the ridge top and into a large clearing.

Against the sky, with five wind-bent birches by it, in a desolation of stumps and rocks where no grass grew, on this high spine matted with blueberry bushes, stood the hermit's house. Built of tar-paper and corrugated metal, it stood dark grey and rusty red in the yellowing light of the evening sun. Between two of the birches, strung on a rope, hung two pair of grey socks, a dish towel, and a khaki shirt. The air here, unobstructed, moved faintly and fanned the washing gently.

"You want a cat?" Mike said. "Bill will give you one. He's got lots of cats."

We walked toward the house. The blueberry bushes crackled under our feet.

"Hey Bill," Mike yelled. We were standing outside the house, ten feet away, looking in.

Bill came to the door. He was wiping his face with a grey towel, and as he looked at us he rubbed the back of his neck with the towel and poked at his ears.

"You got any bear pictures?" Mike asked him.

Without answering, accustomed to a regular procedure, Bill went back into the dark house and returned with a photofinisher's yellow envelope and handed it to Mike who took from it a fistful of small photographic prints and handed it to me. Every one was a dull grey picture of a bear, without contrast, under-exposed, out of focus. Some of the bears were far away among the popples and the birches, some were very near. They were drinking from the spring, they were putting their paws into garbage pails, they were eating blueberries, they were standing looking straight at the camera lens. All of them were black and some of them were very big. I was wondering what to say about them when Mike said, "Pretty good, eh?" and I was able to say, "Yes." Mike took the pictures from me and stuffed them back into their envelope and gave them to Bill again.

Bill was not wearing a shirt. His skin was faintly olive in color. His flesh was puffy and thick about the waist but his whole torso had the look of a rubber balloon which, long inflated, had become permanently stretched and retained, with the air out of it, a hint, a

suggestion, of the shape it had held when fully blown, puckered a little, dead.

Mike walked around the house and out into the clearing and back. He went with purpose, as if on a tour of inspection, as if there were six things he wanted to look at before he left. As he walked, he put his hands on his hips and then let them hang again, he made now and then that strange back-straightening gesture of his. And as Mike walked, Bill looked at me. His eyes were watery green. He smiled perpetually, with a fixed drawing back of the lips from his snaggy dark teeth. He held his head toward one side, neck bent to the left and a little forward, and he looked at me from this angle which forced his eyes up to expose the lower white of the eyeballs. He did not speak.

"Mike told me you built this house," I said, hoping it would work.

He nodded. He gestured with the hand which held the towel. Would I come in and see?

I went closer to the door and looked into the dark of the house. Along one wall hung a dozen outfits of clothes. On each of a dozen hooks hung a cap, a mackinaw or jacket, and a pair of baggy trousers. The opposite wall was plastered with magazine pictures of bridges, diesel locomotives, sky-scrapers, automobiles, cranes, and bull-dozers. On the threshold lay the gnawed carcass of a small animal, black with flies.

Mike came back then. And with him was a small black and white dog, long-haired, jumping like a puppy, who came to me and stood with his paws against my knees and his tail wagging.

Bill the hermit spoke. "Don't touch the dog," he said. "If you touch him you'll get sick. He's got worms. He's sick. Dogs is no good."

"You still have the cats," Mike said. He was, I saw, holding a yellow kitten balled up in his hand. "You want a cat?" he asked me.

"Sure," Bill said. "Cats is fine. Cats go out in the woods and bring you rabbits that you can eat. Dogs go out in the woods and just bring back all the crud and all the rotten stuff they can find. Like him," he said, pointing at the little black and white dog who had left me and stood hunched over eating, his jaws chopping the bloody, gut-tangled carcass on the threshold. The floor around him

was smeared with drying blood. Bill said, "I got to shoot this dog. I've had to shoot lots of dogs. Dogs all get sick. If you touch them, you get sick." And he went away, deep into the house, filled his mouth with water from a dipper in a pail, and came back to the door where he leaned against the frame and bent in disgust to spit the water out, blowing it noisily, spraying it on the ground. "Damn water's no good either," he said. "I got a spring over there," he said pointing down into a small draw. "I made a well around it. I dug a hole and put boards in. But it's too low and the rain keeps running into it and it tastes bad. But I put hilex in it. You can put a lot of hilex in the water without poisoning you."

Mike was getting impatient. He was standing beside me and a little to my rear and I could hear his feet scuffling on the gravel and finally he said, "Well, we'd better go."

Bill turned and tossed the towel behind him into the house.

"We'll see you again," Mike said.

Bill nodded. We started away. From the edge of the clearing I looked back. Bill was gone. The little dog followed us, the small white skeleton dangling from his mouth, but as we started down the path he stopped and stood watching us away, his tail wagging.

It was dark now among the trees. And the dampness of evening lay on the air. When we came to the steepest, rockiest part of the path, Mike said, "I drove a jeep up here once. And down again. It was pretty hard."

"I'll bet it was," I said.

We were in the thickest, darkest part of the slashing now. The sky was a faint grey above us. We stumbled over boulders. Our feet tangled in half-dry, half-dead twigs and branches. Mike said, "And you never saw a real hermit before."

"No," I said. "Never." This was not the truth, but I knew it was what Mike wanted to hear.

The Current Crisis: A Challenge to Organized Labor

By OSCAR ORNATI

■ For the first time in many years, organized labor faced in the first session of the eighty-sixth Congress a friendly majority. Yet, this very Congress passed legislation curtailing labor's internal freedom. In spite of political gains, impressive membership totals, and neo-modern million dollar buildings, American organized labor is on the defensive. Its power is declining.

The facts are that public opinion has turned against the labor movement and, even among its friends, labor can do no right as in the past it could have done no wrong. In Congress, labor's most active friends could, at best, scurry to file bills to control unions in the fear that if they did not do so, less friendly elements would. And this is precisely what happened. The balance of forces in the committee responsible for labor legislation led to an impasse in which conservative elements, unfamiliar with the technical aspects of the issue, stepped in to suggest regulatory action which did not fit the situation. President Eisenhower, in an unprecedented appeal to the public, supported the new development, and the "Labor-Management Reporting and Disclosure Act of 1959" was passed by an overwhelming majority.

Three years after the merger, the AFL-CIO finds itself, in the words of Raskin of the New York *Times,* with a "closetful of

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troubles." While George Meany, the Federation's President, is busy knocking heads together to bring about the merger of the state federations, jurisdictional disputes and interunion feuds go on and on. In spite of the much publicized Ethical Practices Codes, through which the Federation tried to clean its own house, the crooks and racketeers have still to be driven out of the movement. As internal problems drain the leaders' energies, organization of new workers lags.

This is not a problem of a small minority. What happens in the ranks of organized labor concerns not only labor and its close friends but all of society. Without ascribing to labor in America the role of the ultimate defense of democracy, it is still true that no modern industrial society can be democratic without effective trade union representation of its workers. A vital trade union movement is, indeed, a requirement for keeping America's pluralistic society viable.

But neither temporary difficulties of organization or structure nor an unfriendly public opinion tell the whole story of labor's current plight. The root of the crisis lies deeper, in an internal malaise, most obvious in the leveling out of the rate of union growth, and in economic developments which, without headlines, are changing the very face of organized labor. Combined, these two developments are the source of the present quandary and make up what on the political scene would be called "a crisis of confidence."

At the heart of the internal malaise lies disenchantment. The messianic fervor to help fellow workers has gone out of organized labor; complacency and self-satisfaction have taken its place, and the workers look at the labor movement with boredom.

In the last five years, aggregate union membership has remained almost constant. The much heralded organizing drives of three years ago, which the merger was to galvanize, have petered out into nothingness. At the frontiers of union growth, in new firms, in unorganized areas, in the South, the workers are staying away in droves. In fiscal 1958, AFL-CIO unions won in only fifty-eight per cent of the National Labor Relations Board certification elections, through which their representativeness is ascertained.

In industries where unionism is well established, workers, as

they did in the past, join in large numbers, but the conditions under which they join make for indifference and aloofness. John T. Dunlop, Professor of Economics at Harvard, has put it this way:

> Members organized by a vote in a government-conducted election or by the application of the union-security provision of an agreement, whose dues are checked off by the employer to the union, can hardly be expected to hold the same attachment to the union that arose when men were organized on the picket line.

While apathy in unions is no new development and while from it one cannot argue that the workers are now less loyal or less willing to strike than in the past, other developments point to a general decrease in militancy. The difficulties of the leadership of the International Union of Electrical Workers—an old petrel among American unions—in obtaining strike votes in some of G.E.'s largest plants during the 1958 negotiations are symptomatic. They show how a company pioneering with a tougher, more dogmatic and more paternalistic personnel policy may transform union lethargy into a shift in worker allegiance.

Organized labor's external challenge comes from changes in the economy. Much of the recent writing on automation has overstated its impact. On the other hand, too little is known about the impact of recent technological changes, about the new, cleaner, smaller, more efficient, decentralized plants. What is crucial is the quiet shift in emphasis away from manufacturing employment.

Between 1947 and the end of 1958, over nine million jobs have been added to non-agricultural employment, while employment in manufacturing has remained almost constant. The gain, total and proportional, has been captured almost in full by the service sector; trade, miscellaneous services, and the government each account for about two million, while finance and construction each gained about a million workers.

For organized labor, this is critical, because, except for construction, the areas of employment increases are the wasteland of organized labor. At present, labor's strength is concentrated almost exclusively in manufacturing, mining, and transport.

Actually, the most significant employment development is the decreased importance of the blue collar worker. Even gross employment figures show the change. In 1957, white collar workers already

surpassed the blue collar force as the relative figures stood at over 25.7 million and 25 million.

The change is more striking when rates of growth are surveyed. The ten years between 1947 and 1957 saw professional and technical workers increased at a rate of about sixty-one per cent, clerical workers at twenty-two per cent, while "operatives" and laborers increased four and one-half and four per cent respectively. That these changes go to the very heart of the future of organized labor becomes apparent when it is realized that around eighty-five per cent of American trade unionists are in the blue collar ranks. But for a few well advertised exceptions, labor has failed dismally in organizing the white collar worker. Failure of organization here is generally attributed to the large number of women and to the white collar worker's attitudes. Better integrated in the society in which he lives, the white collar worker and the technician fancies himself on the ladder to ownership and management rather than as a hired hand in need of collective protection; the labor movement never appealed to his aspirations.

There are many causes for the American worker's alienation from the union. They are bitter over the increasing distance between them and the leaders. In this they rightly see the roots of the corruption so dramatically publicized by the McClellan hearings. Misappropriations of union funds—though criticized—are viewed as more acceptable than widespread abuses of member rights, even though both stem from the same development.

The need for organization has lessened. The years of full employment and the narrowing of wage differentials have contributed to this lessening. While an additional dime or fifteen cents an hour is always both needed and wanted, obtaining it appears less an achievement with wages at $1.60 or $1.70. Improvements in a pension plan or additional paid holidays are welcome, but not as exciting as getting the pension plan established or the idea of paid holidays accepted.

Improved physical conditions of the new plants, their locations in rural or suburban areas, also make for a less compelling need for unionization. Blue collar workers, wondering about the morality of the labor movement and with less need of protection, often

unknowingly challenge the very essence of unionism as they fail to find it in "the liberating force of industrial society."

The conventional explanation for the lack of organization among American white collar workers is probably insufficient. It is probable that the white collar worker's rejection of unionism is based more on a proper evaluation of the union's impact than on an improper understanding of their own situation. Richer in social affiliations than his industrial brother, the white collar worker, familiar with the general level of organizational apathies, may be more clearly aware of the limits of organized labor's power and impact.

Whatever role labor leaders assign themselves or whatever role is assigned to them, it is clear that American labor is not making use of its powers. The last two years underline the gap between labor's alleged powers and its actual influence. In the great contemporary issues of policy—foreign affairs, defense, civil rights, education—labor's record has been at best undistinguished. It has followed and not led. In the few cases in which labor tried to make its voice heard, as during the 1958 recession, it remained unlistened to. C. Wright Mills' conclusion on this topic in *The Power Elite* deserves quoting:

> For a brief time, it seemed that labor would become a power bloc independent of Corporation and State but operating upon and against them. . . . After becoming dependent upon the government system, however, the labor unions suffered rapid decline in power and now have little power in major national decisions. The United States labor leadership is now well below the top councils, they are of the middle levels of power.

The unions' inability to assume those social and political leadership functions that believers in political pluralism in a democracy deem necessary stems from the fact that unions have provided only passive political support to the progressive movements—such as Roosevelt's New Deal and Truman's Fair Deal—with which they were clearly aligned. This passivity of labor is obscured by its continual gains in wages for which it is given credit. Indeed, since 1953, American wages, both in the organized and the nonorganized sector, have grown faster than either prices or productivity.

But credit for such improvements in real wages is not due to the unions' action. They are rather the result of the business situation

and the willingness of manufacturers to pay higher wages to increase sales in a rapidly expanding market.

Having fought for the enactment of the Employment Act of 1946, labor slackened its vigilance and did not participate, on a step-by-step basis, in the formulation of those policies which would have contributed to the implementation of the Act. Consequently, by the time the 1958 recession came around, labor's hackneyed and habitual demand for governmental pump-priming action fell on deaf ears. Incapable of the detailed, specific, and intense opposition which is a necessary prelude to leadership, and operating in isolation, labor loses power by default.

A few national labor officers and several among the union technicians—those that everywhere but in the United States are called labor intellectuals—recognize the nature of the present crisis. Laborious research and educational conferences are set up and meeting follows meeting. Concern spills over in union organs and professional papers. Talking about the role of research, Solomon Barkin, research director of the Textile Workers Union, argued that "labor must seek to render an accounting of the state of unionism in the United States and assess the need for new or revised policies and procedures." Everett Kassalow of the Industrial Union Department of the AFL-CIO in talking about recent employment changes: "The labor movement in the United States must move forward and become more fully and more completely representative of the entire labor force or it may be driven back and rendered quite ineffective in American life."

What do these warnings amount to? What does Barkin mean by calling for "an accounting of the state of unionism"? Why the urgency, the agonizing reappraisal?

On the one hand, it is the realization that organization does not just happen and that once before, in the splinter that created the CIO, labor divided through its inability to organize new types of workers. With the Federation's Construction Trades Department poised to bolt if its jurisdiction is challenged and Hoffa outside waiting with open arms, with dissatisfaction rife about the Industrial Union Department and its inability to organize the new industries, the comparison with the 1935 situation is far from academic.

On the other hand, the call for the reappraisal is another form

of the historically recurrent call for an ideological base. The call for a rounded, integrated labor philosophy is another aspect of the plight of the "affluent society" that does not find in its exclusively productionist attitudes the path to the future in a drastically changed economy.

Throughout the last century, social scientists, students, and intellectuals of different beliefs and varied curiosities have tried to explain and define to themselves and the world the essential nature of the labor movement. By and large, the question has remained unanswered as the multiplicity of forms and the many shifts in the direction of the labor movement have made the task of explanation a difficult one. Whenever consistent answers became available, they were made obsolete as changes in the tone of American society rebounded on the labor movement. Generation after generation of labor leaders and scholars appeared to reject the explanation of the previous one as though every generation needed to find its own peculiar answer.

Central in all discussions of the essence of the labor movement is the proposition "the American worker is not an ideologue." That he is neither a follower nor a maker of ideologies is correct beyond doubt. This statement, put forth occasionally as the total explanation of the nature of the labor movement, in its superficial validity tells us nothing. Rather, underlining the absence of a system of values provided by the movement itself, it complicates the problem of explanation.

Past attempts at formulating union theories fitting the American environment have recently been summarized by Mark Perlman of Johns Hopkins under five headings:

1. The view that conceives of the union as a moral institution concerned primarily with uplift and the spiritual betterment of its members. This conception has traditionally appealed to groups closely identified with either Christian Socialism or the Catholic Church. It stands for positions and attitudes not very different from those advocated by the confessional movements in Europe and is at present advocated by the Catholic labor institutes of the United States.

2. The view that explains the union as a psychological reaction to industrialization and the brutalizing effect of the machine. The product essentially of people not closely acquainted with the labor movement, the phychological theory gives support to labor leaders and industrialists busy applying practices advocated by students of human relations in industry.

3. The view that conceives of organized labor as a revolutionary force dedicated to the restructuring of society. Essentially Marxist, this theory has seen many indigenous adaptations. Its appeal has always been limited as it reflected the interests of outsiders concerned with labor's well-being rather than the feeling of American workers. Thus the question, so often asked on the continent, of why American labor is not socialist is actually spurious; it need not be asked in the absence of the historical and social precedents that would justify the question.

4. The view that sees the union as an organization dedicated exclusively to increasing its constituent's economic well-being. Conscious of labor's methods in controlling labor supply and work practices, it explains and justifies many practices that the community as a whole tends to disapprove. Advocates of this view are scattered throughout the departments of economics of the major American universities. They differ only in the extent to which they approve or disapprove of specific union practices.

5. The view that sees the union as a necessary and constructive social institution dedicated to the extension of industrial jurisprudence and economic democracy without any overall social and economic goal beyond the immediate needs of the membership. Adherents to this view are often referred to as belonging to the Wisconsin School.

All five of these views of American labor have, at one time or another, reflected correctly the aspirations and practices of certain sections of organized labor. None ever fitted all. Of the five views, only two, or, to be precise, a combination of the last two, have been widely broadcast and recognized.

The view of unions as functional institutions, dedicated to the job of business unionism, acquired status and acceptance as, at the

turn of the century, Gompers and the leaders of the great craft unions enunciated their goals and methods and the community found them fitting its temper. The untamed pragmatism of business unionism was, in the twenties, clarified and formalized by Selig Perlman of the University of Wisconsin. Perlman found in the "manualist's job scarcity consciousness" the moving force for unionism, and the labor unions in their business orientation became the historically necessary institution giving proprietory significance to job rights. The acceptance of business unionism froze the radicals out of the labor movement and helped develop strategies and tactics consistent with the needs of the times.

Ever since, "bread and butter unionism" has moved beyond explanation, beyond theory. It has become the staple of labor's Fourth of July rhetoric; it has become labor's official banner. In equating explanation and ideology, "bread and butter unionism," labor's own banner, can be said to be at the root of the present crisis.

Of the seriousness of the crisis there is little doubt. The challenge is marked. To the general public's moral revulsion with unionism must be added management's tougher attitude and the spreading conviction that the public interest can be served only by restraining the "monopoly power" of labor. The recent steel dispute is an example of the new managerial direction which emphasizes management's desire to regain unilateral control over work practices and work rules which by tradition have been the major areas of joint collaboration. That steel management failed in its broad challenge is due as much to ineptness as to the peculiarities of the situation. The explicit challenge on job assignments dear to the worker's heart and where the union had delivered with plenty to spare was impolitic. To do so at an industry-wide level where specific agreements are impossible was a mistake. "Protect your job" became the slogan around which the steel workers rallied and the union came out of the dispute much strengthened.

"Bread and butter unionism" worked once again. It remains a useful description of union operations among already organized workers. For the unorganized workers, in areas where the community is opposed to trade union organization and against the more subtle pressures of newer progressive managements, "bread and butter unionism" is a bankrupt slogan as the manualist is on his

way out and his psychology long gone. With "job scarcity consciousness" substituted by a drive for status and professional interests, what is most needed is a new ideological dedication. This must be consistent with contemporary society and its needs and conceive of the worker as an integral, not separate, part of the society in which he lives. The required ideological formulation must be different—yet related—from the explanation of what a trade union is or from a characterization of its program. It has to appeal to labor in terms going beyond factory and office. But, most of all, the new ideology must come from within labor. No other group in American society can or is likely to want to try to develop a new labor philosophy. Without it, organized labor in America will become a diminishing minority, justly liable to the charge of being a socially undesirable monopoly.

Widow's Song

By JOANNE DE LONGCHAMPS

A young man so fair
can shed a blaze of blondness
on the darkest bed
and suggest blanched stone or star
in a far frieze of sky,
yet be warm—as the living are.

I think: I am touching smoke
or a pearl of cloud
in a dalliance with lesser jewels
for where that flesh lies thin
a pulse beats green,
jade in the startling skin.

So fair, newcomer, stranger,
white-gold where a swarthy ghost
still spurs me from his dark—

I come to you from one
who made warm lairs for me, long years
I wintered in black fur.

A Way of Traveling

By JOANNE DE LONGCHAMPS

Love is not a resting place,
lover is not crutch or mirror—
private body and public face
divide their terror.
One hides, one smiles,
are steplocked and crazed—
How endure, unpropped,
be beautiful, unpraised?

Fear the touch of give
that stretches to receive,
then in dual lovelessness
head and body grieve
and must be one or perish,
for flesh will kindle face
and head instruct the body
to a moving grace.

If easy in a single skin
for spending or taking,
grasp courage to begin
love's rousing and slaking—
Strong without a crutch,
fair without a mirror,
discover self to other
both gift and giver
and so move doubly-warm
and need no resting place—

Love, a way of travelling
beyond a given place.

JOANNE DE LONGCHAMPS' poetry has appeared in the *Review* before, as well as in other quarterlies. She recently won the Ninth Annual Poetry Award of the *Carolina Quarterly* and her book, *Eden Under Glass*, was a Book Club for Poetry selection in 1957.

*Six Anglo-Saxon Riddles**

Translated by BURTON RAFFEL

A HORN: Riddle #14

I was a warrior's weapon, once.
Now striplings have woven silver wires,
And gold, around me. I've been kissed by soldiers,
And I've called a field of laughing comrades
To war and death. I've crossed borders
On galloping steeds, and crossed the shining
Water, riding a ship. I've been filled
To the depth of my heart by girls with glittering
Bracelets, and I've lain along the bare
Cold planks, headless, plucked and worn.
They've hung me high on a wall, bright
With jewels and lovely, and left me to watch
Their warriors drinking. Mounted troops
Have carried me out and opened my breast
To the swelling sound of some soldier's lips.
My voice has invited princes to feasts
Of wine, and has sung in the night to save
What savage thieves have stolen, driving them
Off into darkness. Ask my name.

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*This selection from the ninety-five surviving Anglo-Saxon verse riddles has been translated from the text of the Exeter Book, as edited by G. P. Krapp and E. V. K. Dobbie. Many of the poems are obscure; I have in all cases relied heavily on Krapp and Dobbie's comprehensive discussion of proposed interpretations. Only the solution of Riddle #14, however, is completely free from doubt.

A lawyer with a Wall Street firm, BURTON RAFFEL translates not only Anglo-Saxon but Indonesian poetry and writes fiction, poetry, and legal articles. He has published Anglo-Saxon translations in *The London Magazine*, *New Mexico Quarterly*, and *Prairie Schooner*, all part of a book comprising the worthwhile corpus of shorter Anglo-Saxon poems.

WINE: Riddle #11

I wear grey, woven over
With bright and gleaming gems. I bring
The stupid to folly's paths, fool
The ignorant with sin, urge all useless
Roads and ruin the rest. I can't
Explain their madness, for I push them to error
And pick their brains, yet they praise me more
For each seduction. Their dullness will be sorrow,
When they lead their souls on high, unless
They learn to walk wisely, and without my help.

A JAY'S SPRING SONG: Riddle #8

My mouth talks with a thousand tongues;
I sing with an easy art, often
Altering my voice as it rings the loud
Clamor of my song. As an old poet
Of the evening I tune my sliding music
Where, in their towns, men take pleasure
In the sound, sitting quietly, sinking
Along my words. Who can I be,
Aping a singing buffoon with a shining,
Brassy voice that bellows happiness,
The welcome sound of my strident cry?

THE MOON AND THE SUN: Riddle #29

I saw a silvery creature scurrying
Home, as lovely and light as heaven
Itself, running with stolen treasure
Between its horns. It hoped, by deceit
And daring and art, to set an arbor
There in that soaring castle. Then,
A shining creature, known to everyone
On earth, climbed the mountains and cliffs,
Rescued his prize, and drove the wily
Imposter back to darkness. It fled
To the west, swearing revenge. The morning
Dust scattered away, dew
Fell, and the night was gone. And no one
Knew where the soft-footed thief had vanished.

A SHIP: Riddle #32

Our world is lovely in different ways,
Hung with beauty and works of hand.
I saw a strange machine, made
For motion, slide against the sand,
Shrieking as it went. It walked swiftly
On its only foot, this odd-shaped monster,
Travelled in an open country without
Seeing, without arms, or hands,
With many ribs, and its mouth in its middle.
Its work is useful, and welcome, for it loads
Its belly with food, and brings abundance
To men, to poor and to rich, paying
Its tribute year after year. Solve
This riddle, if you can, and unravel its name.

THE REED: Riddle #60

(Probably a love message carved into a reed)

I grew where life had come to me, along
The sandy shore, where the sea foamed in
Below a cliff. Men came
To my empty land only by accident.
But every dawn a brown wave swept
Around me with watery arms. How
Could I ever imagine a time when, mouthless,
I'd sing across the benches where mead
Was poured, and carry secret speech?
What a strange and wonderful thing to someone
Who puzzles, but neither sees nor knows,
That the point of a knife and a strong right hand
Should press and carve me, a keen blade
And the mind of a man joined together
To make me a message-bearer to your ears
Alone, boldly bringing you what no one
Else could carry and no one hears!

Yours Very Truly, (Miss) Leona Freemantle

By WILMA SHORE

■ August 17th

To the Editor of the New York Times
Dear Sir or Madame:

I have watched your letter column in vain for some comment on the narrowness of the American Woman today, but in vain. So have decided to raise my own voice regarding the narrowness of the American Woman today, namely how they think of matrimony alone. And especially since last night happened to be a family discussion on this same topic. Granted matrimony is basic to our civilization, I mean I am a woman myself, but still when you stop to think that we have stepped across the threshold of Outer Space that is basic too. But to step into my home and talk with the female branch of my family, you would never guess that mankind had stepped across the threshold of Outer Space. Unless my sister-in-law knew of some rocket scientist, unmarried.

But what I am trying to get at is take me, an average girl of twenty-three, not really brighter or more attractive than a million others, although at least I know what to do with my hair and how to dress, at least so they tell me, but still manage to keep abreast on what is taking place in the world. I mean I live in Flatbush so have an hour's subway ride to work so read your paper from start to finish.

But I also make it a point to explore other fields in which the

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This story is a change of pace for WILMA SHORE, whose most recent stories in the *Review* have been concerned with Americans travelling in Europe—"News on the Rialto" (Winter, 1958-59) and "The Most Beautiful Apartment in Madrid" (Summer, 1959).

intellectual branch of the population is laboring. I mean take this man I see very often, a licensed high school teacher in the New York City school system, Joseph R. Mackeridge, B.A. and also M.A. And he gives me the whole picture in education, which is probably our most basic field since they keep shaping the minds of the youth.

What I mean is a girl's life should be wider than just marriage. Without disparging marriage as an institution, but take myself that am too anxious to be abreast to want to limit my horizons just at present, though if I should ever find the absolutely right man, well then all right, that will be time enough to start to worry. But at present I am totally occupied in holding down my job and absorbing the problems of the world and keeping my wardrobe daisy-fresh, which the above Joseph R. Mackeridge always remarks how dainty I look, at least in winter, as in summer he departs for a summer camp job, to eke out his salary which is laughably small for the responsibility of shaping the minds of the youth.

So for instance if all I was interested in him was the chance of marriage I would be on pins and needles all July and August, thinking, who will he meet up there in the mountains, and would scan his letters for any woman that might be mentioned, ranging from female counselors to even the local girls with who he might come in contact, like on his night off, one night a week and generally goes in town to see a movie, or so he writes although I have no reason to doubt his word and particularly since I am not watching him like a spider watches a fly to trap him into matrimony but scan his epistles more for the educational reference contained therein.

I mean I have gotten a good deal from his epistles alone and during the winter we often go to the movies and a slice of pizza, which is all a teacher's salary can afford, even high school, especially when saddled with family responsibilities. Forget him, Leona, my family keep remarking, you will be old and gray before his brother will support himself and half of his mother. I absolutely cannot convince them that what I seek is simply companionship and intellectual broadening. Besides which I am after all only twenty-three.

But I merely insert this as a sideline to show how one-track their minds run, which is the narrowness of the American Woman today. I mean there is more to life than matrimony, no matter how blessed.

Yours very truly,
(Miss) Leona Freemantle

August 20th

To the Editor of the New York Times
Dear Sir or Madame:

I notice that you have not printed my letter although it is three days now, however it is all to the good as I have been thinking back and it occurred to me that certain things I said, it might give a wrong impression. So I am writing to request that you would include the following:

"If there is anything in the foregoing to imply to the casual reader that there is anything of the nature of sour grapes involved, inasmuch as any girl that reaches twenty-three and still single someone will always say, she couldn't make the grade, would simply like to add that the undersigned is commonly considered very attractive and elicits her share of admiring glances in the streets and elevators and frequent attempts at striking up an acquaintance, and at least nobody that knew me would ever think sour grapes."

Yours very truly,
(Miss) Leona Freemantle

THE NEW YORK TIMES

September 3rd

Dear Miss Freemantle:

The editorial staff appreciates your interest in writing. It is helpful to receive the opinions of our readers, although it is not possible to publish as many comments as we would wish, because of space considerations.

Sincerely yours,
R. J. Brown, Letters Editor

January 21st

To the Editor of the New York Times
Dear Sir or Madame:

You did not have to write as I know you are busy but thanks just the same. If you cannot publish my comments you are forgiven, so long as my opinions are helpful that is enough for me. But as it so happens I am just as glad you could not print my letter since further developments have rendered some of the comments obsolescent, namely any comments about Joseph R. Mackeridge as I

have broken off with Joseph R. Mackeridge, as after hanging around all summer and writing him every other day he has returned to the city engaged and never mentioned a word in his whole correspondence, which was maybe a letter or postcard weekly although his duties were no more arduous than mine, as well as being out of the summer heat that sometimes you will recall it was so intense that the very ballpoint pen grew moist between my fingers. Although I am not the type that perspires readily.

Well you can imagine my surprise, and when my sister-in-law called to say did I know Joseph was engaged I simply laughed in her face, at least in the receiver, but events bore out her report which I don't know where she heard it but those things get around and he did not even have the grace to call and tell me himself. And it turns out this girl was the arts and crafts counselor, arts and crafts is right, she must have used arts and crafts on Joseph because the way he always talked you would think that care of his brother and aged mother was foremost and solo in his mind.

I mean I was delighted if he found his mate, which is not always that easy on a limited salary and no Tony Curtis as regards looks. But that he didn't even have the manliness to phone, but some men are so conceited as to think all a girl wants is to snag him in holy matrimony no matter what he looks like or what salary.

Still and all it is a blessing in disguise as I had allowed Joseph R. Mackeridge to monopolize my time and since I broke off with him have been seeing this fellow Perry Leff, comparisons are odious but there is no comparison, this Perry Leff has such a ready wit and humor, not to mention being connected with one of the most renowned public service programs on television today. I mean he does not appear personally but is more on the financial end. I mean he is negotiating with several sponsors as to who will maybe sponsor it. But if I was to mention the name of this program you would know it immediately it is one of the biggest things on the air, half past eight every Monday and Thursday morning.

And except for breaking off with Joseph R. Mackeridge I might have perhaps wound up in some small academic background and stuck there for good. I mean on that limited a salary that the most I could hope was a neighborhood movie and a slice of pizza, whereas

with this fascinating media of television it is more likely some night spot around Times Square where a person gets into contact with the foremost practitioners of the cultural life of the nation, sitting so near a person could reach out with their fork and touch them. Have already met a man that handles the advertising for one of the largest independent moth preventives in the country as well as the man that handles all the legal end for one of the largest children's shows in the country.

So, far from bemoaning my recent experience with Joseph R. Mackeridge I must thank my lucky stars that long contact with him has equipped me to mingle with this type of practitioners. It is a different world, most girls would not even understand what they are talking about half the time, and if it came to marrying into this circle they would be in over their head but frankly I am not contemplating this step as for one thing he is up at four A.M. twice a week, worse than a doctor, but of course he will not probably be stuck on this program forever. Still he does not seem to be emotionally mature enough for the marrying type at least at present, but then neither did Joseph R. Mackeridge.

No, the real reason is I am having too much fun to put it baldly, and prefer to go around more from flower to flower, like the bee, than tie myself down at present. I mean later on I will want to tie myself down like any average girl but after all I am only twenty-four and another thing if I take a little time out first to experience life I will be a better wife and mother to my husband and children, whoever they may be.

So this letter has turned out longer than I premeditated, I guess I have poured out my heart to some extent but it is difficult to find where to pour out one's heart when one's family and friends, all they have to say is that one is twenty-four and time to settle down. There is a certain type of mentality that argument is of no avail.

But anyhow I wanted to make my opinions clear, as long as they are helpful I think a person has a responsibility, and especially since like television a newspaper is also a great media and sways the mind of their readers, and everybody ought to pitch in and help.

Yours very truly,

(Miss) Leona Freemantle

THE NEW YORK TIMES

February 4th

Dear Miss Freemantle:

The editorial staff appreciates your interest in writing. It is helpful to receive the opinions of our readers, although it is not possible to publish as many comments as we would wish, because of space considerations.

Sincerely yours,
R. J. Brown, Letters Editor

June 28th

To the Editor of the New York Times
Dear Sir or Madame:

I know it is months since I received yours of February 4th but under the circumstances thought it wiser to wait until the dust settled one way or another, which it now has, and although it has been difficult still in the long run I believe in all honesty it was the best thing the way it happened and have learned a valuable lesson and that is, that I thank my lucky stars not to have gotten any deeper involved with this Perry Leff because then it would have been a very painful experience instead of simply a thing that a person learns from and then goes on.

But what shocks me is the way he deceived the actual wife, not to mention myself, so I might never have discerned that he was already involved in marriage if not for a fortunate accident. Fortunate for me, at least, as clearly it was the farthest wish from his mind that I should so discern and had erected an elaborate tissue of lies, that I could not call his home because of this roommate sleeping all day and that we could not meet Sundays because of conferring with his employer in Larchmont. Which I never even questioned it, because of not considering him along matrimonial lines, until the fortunate accident of meeting his pediatrician on Forty-third Street that stopped to say how his son's tonsils and adenoids would not have to come out after all, which the whole tawdry tissue of lies crumbled then and there.

But I mean who cares if he was married since as you know I had no such designs, but to erect such a tawdry tissue and to think

that of all the contacts I met through him, not one would have the common courtesy to tell me he was married. For the average girl with nothing in mind but the altar it could have been a fatal loss, nearly six months that I might have been going with someone else all that time, but what is six months when one is only twenty-four, but only that I could kick myself that I placed my trust in one that was not worthy.

But by now I guess he understands that he has no further claims on me, either to return the ring which is not even semi-precious, or else medical care which it was not my fault that he had to twist himself in falling, as I simply gave him a slight push that any other person would have simply fallen to the ground and that's that. I did not put the hydrant there nor did I tell him to twist sideways so as to come into contact with it and it is not even a front tooth, but if he does not want to face his own obligations and pay his own dentist then let him take me into court and apprise his wife of the type of relationships he was having with other women that they struck him in the public street. Only I hope not as I pity her with all my heart whoever she may be and if she only had not suffered from this insane eagerness for matrimony she would never have wound up behind this particular eight ball that anybody could tell was emotionally immature.

Anyhow now the dust has settled I am rapidly broadening my horizons beyond my widest dreams, there is this chemist from Detroit that promised to look me up next time in town and also an osteopath with whom I have gone to the ball game and imminently am going to meet this certified public accountant that handles the books for a very large distillery. He is related to my sister-in-law and so I will have a contact with the field of accountancy and also the field of distillery, both very basic to our society of today. Which I consider more important than a person's physical stature although my sister-in-law says it is not that he is so small but very fine-boned, and sitting down he makes an excellent appearance. Which is important in a society like today which is so sedentary wherever you look.

Yours very truly,
(Miss) Leona Freemantle

THE NEW YORK TIMES

July 16th

Dear Miss Freemantle:

The editorial staff appreciates your interest in writing. It is helpful to receive the opinions of our readers, although it is not possible to publish as many comments as we would wish, because of space considerations.

Sincerely yours,
R. J. Brown, Letters Editor

November 2nd

To the Editor of the New York Times
Dear Sir or Madame:

The more I think of it the more I am at a loss why you keep sending this same letter which is obviously a form letter, I was not born yesterday, and if you do not choose to publish my comments, why not just throw them in the trash basket and say no more? Besides which the comments of most recent date were never intended for the reading public's eyes but for your eyes alone, so why apologize? Just because a newspaper happens to be a large newspaper is no reason to be callous toward their reader's feelings, but that is the nature of our whole society today in which the individual is as naught and people treat each other like stones or sticks instead of human people with feelings, they bark at you or push you needlessly in the subway, nobody cares about the next fellow, whoever she may be. All they know how to do is to simply run through a person's life like ships that pass in the night, a person will promise to look you up when they come into town and that is the last you hear, or else take you out once and that's that. It is due to the men being so conceited due to being surrounded with women that all they want is to snag them in matrimony, especially professionals, take even a man under five feet it can turn out that even in that size range they have two young ladies already on the string.

And still we think we have outstripped the animal kingdom, but far from it, the animal kingdom has not the slightest trouble finding a mate and getting married and having young, but for the human race it seems virtually impossible. But I know you would never print a letter exposing the nature of our society today as there

is this conspiracy to hide the facts. Maybe it is just too frightening to even contemplate because follow through logically and you come to the vista of race suicide, I mean what race can persist unless they get married and have young? And the next thing you know we could be faced with deserted cities, the subway trains stalled in the tunnels and the jungle would reclaim New York City, grass growing on Broadway and raccoons and muskrats in the finest restaurants.

But there is like this conspiracy of silence, read the papers it is all Outer Space and the fluoridation of water and the extinction of the whooping crane, well mankind is in as bad shape as the whooping crane if they only knew. And they are only birds.

Well but I must not use any more of your precious time which you need for interplanetary missiles and the whooping crane, and do not fear to receive any more epistles from the writer as I have decided to withdraw from the market place, which I feel in the long run their own soul will give the individual greater satisfaction than bruising their wings in the market place. So have invested in twenty lbs. of modelling clay and the various implements for using same and convinced my mother to let me store same in the wash tub of the kitchen sink and work on the kitchen table after the dishes are done and have already completed two assorted ashtrays and will keep right on until sculpture. As for withdrawing from the human race, they have no call to complain, nobody can say I did not try but after all I am going on twenty-six and cannot spend the remainder of my life jumping every time the phone rings which is always some friend of my mother.

So please do not await any more epistles as I prefer to withdraw toward my own soul, which clay may be inanimate but at least you know where you stand. Also a person that is busy working, one can politely avoid a whole family discussion about one's mistakes, which if one had followed their advice you would be married by now and two or three children, which is water under the bridge but some people never know when to stop but simply go on parroting the same comments year in and year out until you don't even hear them but still it is annoying when someone doesn't know when to stop.

Yours very truly,
(Miss) Leona Freemantle

March 28th

To the Editor of the New York Times
Dear Sir or Madame:

Am forwarding the enclosed notice and studio portrait for your kind attention.

"Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Freemantle announce the engagement of their daughter Leona to Mr. Guy Bronson. Miss Freemantle is a graduate of Erasmus Hall High School and the Stuyvesant Academy of Business. Mr. Bronson is an associate of Bronson & Son, Licensed Plumbers, who have installed fixtures in some of the finest dwellings in the Borough of Brooklyn. The couple became acquainted recently when the bride-to-be's mother had occasion to call on the firm in their professional capacity for the drainage of their kitchen sink, due to some clay-like substance in the pipes. The wedding is scheduled for July when Mr. Bronson gets his vacation. During which they will honeymoon out West and study the life of the American Indian, with particular reference to primitive irrigation, which is the foundation of today's science of plumbing, one of the most basic to our society."

Yours very truly,
(Miss) Leona Freemantle

P.S. Will not have time for further correspondence due to marriage so let me herewith express my appreciation for the great job you are doing with your newspaper and feel sure if Mr. Bronson and father should require some advertising media for their business that they would be glad to throw their business in the direction of your media. Anyhow you can definitely count on my continuing to buy your newspaper daily, also will definitely recommend it to my friends, although would not count on too much from that direction as most of them all they want is to snag the first comer in holy matrimony, instead of broaden their horizons and wait for the absolutely right man.

Historians, the Constitution, and Objectivity: A Case Study

By DAVID F. TRASK

■ Just a few years ago most historians thought the long controversy about historical relativism had more or less ended. The great debate of the Thirties, initiated and sustained by that Old Dissembler, Charles A. Beard, seemed to have run its course. But today the subject has revived, despite the irritation it engenders among historians who believed themselves well rid of disturbing doubts. Historians cannot fail to suffer some decline in confidence and security during parlous times; the irrationalities of the present day inevitably unsettle them. They have begun anew to doubt the possibility of explicating past realities with reasonable accuracy.

The problem of historical relativism especially alarms those historians who have interested themselves in the utility of history as an aid in dealing with contemporary socio-political problems. If we cannot depend on the fidelity of historical studies—if they are mere reflections of particular times, places, and moods—how can we attribute a constructive role to history in everyday decision-making? A false history leads to a false estimate of its significance for the present. If history is hopelessly subjective, is its use not restricted to ends like entertainment, psychological solace, or antiquarianism? This is a devastating critique indeed. Historians who believe in the

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DAVID F. TRASK teaches American political and diplomatic history at Wesleyan University, and the ideas for the present paper were suggested by an experimental seminar he conducts there. An earlier version of the article was delivered at a colloquium at the John E. Andrus Center for Public Affairs at Wesleyan. Dr. Trask is a contributor to the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* as well as to professional journals.

use of history as a guide to policy must re-examine the arguments of the subjectivists in search of a more sophisticated understanding of historical relativism.

The history of attitudes toward a significant period in American history—the years from 1781 to 1789—provides an especially apt example of changing historical interpretation, the very kind of intellectual evolution which seems to strengthen the argument that history cannot be relevant and useful to the formation of socio-political programs and procedures. The Constitution was drawn up during these years, and the history of its history concerns us deeply because the work of the Founding Fathers has shaped so much of our past and present. And yet historians have been unable to stabilize the interpretation of the movement which produced the Constitution. Does this failure mean that historical considerations of the Constitutional era are a waste and a deception insofar as their relevance to public affairs is concerned? A survey of historical writing on this period suggests some comments on this question.

Since the Civil War, three schools of historians have popularized interpretations of the Constitutional era. A "Traditionalist" group examined the subject during the years immediately following the Northern victory over the Confederacy. Their findings were severely criticized by the "Beardian" school of economic interpretation which flourished during the Progressive excitement of the early twentieth century and after. Today, in the chilling atmosphere of the Cold War, the Beardian analysis is being challenged by a number of "Revisionist" scholars. Of special interest are the issues considered by each group; the reasons why they dealt with these issues; the interpretations they offered; and the impact of their conclusions.

The Traditionalists

In 1888 an influential publicist and historian, John Fiske, published a book entitled *The Critical Period of American History: 1783-1789*. It became the best-known "Traditionalist" work on the Constitution. Fiske contrasted the near-anarchy of what he called the "Critical Period" with the order and prosperity established after the Founding Fathers replaced the Articles of Confederation with the Constitution. The weak central authority provided by the Articles could not cope with the economic recession which followed the

Revolutionary War. The government lacked power to levy taxes on the states and control the flow of commerce. The Founding Fathers, motivated by strict adherence to abstract principles of justice and right, established a national government with energy and saved the new country from disaster. Well-known patriots like Patrick Henry and George Mason opposed the Constitution, preferring the political philosophy of the Declaration of Independence and the Articles to that espoused by the men of Philadelphia. Fiske criticized this radical fringe; he felt they lacked a continental outlook and an appreciation of the great principles which so inspired the Founders.

Fiske's views, expanded and somewhat altered by scholarly historians like Andrew G. McLaughlin, quickly gained general acceptance. They served a generation of politicians well. Historians thus responded to the growing reverence for the Constitution inspired by the Civil War and the period of intense nationalism and industrialization which followed. Scholars equated the Founding Fathers with those who had preserved the Union against the Confederacy. The Republican Party seemed the repository of sound constitutional practice as against the vaguely subversive doctrines imputed to the Party of Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion. The Traditionalist historians sought, often unconsciously, to justify the North, sound money, and industrial society, while discrediting the South, inflated currency, and agrarian society. The antagonisms discussed by the Traditionalists—nationalists versus federalists, propertied versus propertyless, the Articles versus the Constitution—all continued to influence historical treatments of the 1780's. The reverential tendencies and the stark version of good and evil propagated by Fiske no longer enjoy broad currency, but the Traditionalists did contribute a huge body of data, a clearly defined sequence of events, and a catalog of protagonists.

The Beardians

In 1913 Charles A. Beard published his *An Economic Interpretation of the Constitution*, thus introducing the modern school of economic interpretation. Not unnaturally, the school turned the Traditionalist interpretation on its head and reversed its value judgments. Beard argued cogently that the Constitution was a product of counter-revolutionary forces. The Founding Fathers—a well-

organized and talented group—represented the interest of the established mercantile and industrial classes as against the agrarian elements which had seized control of the country during the Revolution. The Founders represented "personalty"—holdings of money and public securities—whereas the agrarian opposition stood for "realty"—wealth invested in land. Rejecting the concept of abstract principle, Beard held that the Constitution was a result of economic forces in conflict. He thought doctrines like the separation of powers and federalism protected men of substance from the majoritarian propensities of the masses. Personalty interests benefited from the disfranchisement of many Americans who lacked enough property to qualify as voters.

Beard wrote during the high tide of the Progressive Movement, a powerful middle-class reaction against concentration of power in the hands of relatively few industrial and financial leaders who manipulated politicians to achieve selfish ends. He applied the general Progressive bias against undue industrial and financial concentration to the history of the 1780's. Although he steadfastly imputed his economic determinism to James Madison, he drew largely from a convenient body of doctrine then being developed by Marxian ideologues. In a word, Beard was part and parcel of the reaction against the intellectual formalisms of the Age of Industrialization. Sensitive to new needs, he developed novel historical interpretations which satisfied the appetites of his era. Progressive leaders and their successors constantly turned to Beardian exegesis for inspiration and guidance.

A contemporary historian who falls within the Beardian school is Professor Merrill Jensen. He has concentrated on the period 1781-1787 in order to refute Fiske's concept of the "Critical Period." Jensen pictures the economic dislocations of the times as normal postwar adjustments, and he has high praise for the Continental Congress, the governing body under the Articles. If the period was not so critical, then much of the rationale for the Constitution seems to vanish. Jensen thinks that amendments to the Articles giving Congress the power to tax and regulate commerce would have sustained the Confederation government quite satisfactorily. Continuing to discuss the Constitutional debate in dialectical categories, Jensen reinforces the fundamental Beardian contention that the

Constitution was a counter-revolutionary document foisted upon the majority of Americans by a few adherents of dominating vested interests. Influenced by the liberalism of the New Deal, in many respects a culmination of the Progressive mood, Jensen chooses to sophisticate rather than reject Beardian interpretations.

The Revisionists

Despite the original anti-formalism of the Beardian interpretation, the economic view eventually became itself a formalism, but recently a new school of historians has begun either to reject the Beardian outlook *in toto* or to absorb certain of its insights into a larger historical synthesis. Writing after World War II, these "Revisionists" are responding in part to the sense of national crisis engendered by the real or presumed threat of international Communism in the Hydrogen Age.

In 1956 Professor Robert E. Brown published a short volume entitled *Charles Beard and the Constitution* which constitutes a direct assault upon the assumptions, methods, and conclusions of Beard and by inference the whole school of economic interpretation. Brown's close analysis of Beard's book enables him to argue that the latter manipulated evidence and drew inaccurate conclusions. Brown believes the economic interpretation did not emerge from the data; it was imposed upon it. He destroys the contention that the controversy over ratification was waged by personalty against realty and also shows that the huge disfranchised masses assumed by Beard did not in fact exist.

Brown argues that the United States in the 1780's was a "middle-class democracy." He believes the Constitution closely reflected the aspirations and interests of most Americans—who were largely engaged in agriculture and possessed of at least a modest freehold. Americans were "middle-class" because they owned and operated farms. They lived in a democratic society because most of them possessed the right to vote. Both concepts seem to require more elucidation. Few modern scholars venture to define class simply in terms of economic criteria. Moreover, the mere possession of the suffrage is no guarantee that it can be exercised democratically.

Perhaps the most curious aspect of Brown's work is his apparent

dependence on a variant form of economic interpretation, although he attempts to revive the theory of abstract principle subscribed to by Fiske in dealing with the motivations of the Founders. The Constitution is seen as the consequence of the wishes of middle-class democrats rather than of personalty interests. Brown's difference with Beard turns largely upon a special view of the class structure and its ideational consequences. His analysis seems to reflect the current climate of opinion rather clearly. Implicit in his history is a disillusionment with materialism, a fear of extremism, and a yearning to rehabilitate the past in the face of a dreary present. He is the new anti-formalist, performing upon Beard the same operation previously performed upon the Traditionalists. Like previous scholars, he too is subject to specific environmental pressures.

A monumental treatise published in 1958 by Dr. Forrest McDonald called *We the People* is another significant contribution to the literature of Revisionism. McDonald also dismembers the conventional economic analysis, but unlike Brown he overtly seeks to propound an economic interpretation without the incubus of Beardian conceptions. The result parallels many of Brown's less thoroughly documented conclusions. McDonald also rejects the Beardian dialectic of personalty against realty, demonstrating the existence of at least twenty distinct occupational groups in the 1780's, and he further weakens Beard's position on the suffrage. *We the People* concludes with an exposition of four hypotheses which McDonald proposes to test in further studies. He thinks he might be able to offer an adequate economic interpretation of the Constitution, but he does not believe his analysis will provide answers to all questions. He suggests that a total causal interpretation must derive from many studies using diverse assumptions, methods, and data.

McDonald's principal objection to Beard turns on the latter's attempt to explain a "pluralistic" situation with a single system of interpretation. A pluralistic situation requires a pluralistic system of economic interpretation in order to account for differences in conditions from place to place in the America of the 1780's. McDonald's ultimate analysis will be far more complex than Beard's, but he will claim far less for his work. He is clearly affected by our contemporary striving for a viable relationship between government

and the economy. His fear of Beardian simplification reflects the standard American distaste for Marxian principles of analysis.

The favorable attitude toward the Founding Fathers entertained by most of the Revisionists is just one aspect of a general recent tendency to restore tarnished portraits from the American past. We note elsewhere the revivification of the Puritan tradition, the vogue of Alexander Hamilton, the respectful treatment of the Captains of Industry, the renewed appreciation of Calvin Coolidge and Herbert Hoover. The new respect for tradition implicit in the neo-conservative revival and even the Eisenhower mood reflects a poignant longing for the security and freedom imputed to our forebears. To some extent at least, the revisionism so rampant among American historians is a response to our national desire for validation in history against the challenge of the Soviet Union. Many American historians, often subconsciously, feel a mission to enhance the new national unity they deem essential if we are to survive the present international crisis. The Cold War, like World War II and the New Deal, has encouraged a sympathy for the American past, especially when it is measured against the historical experience of Europe. Ironically enough, the later Charles Beard was a progenitor of this trend. The mood of piety affects some historians constructively, but others are damaged by it. Although the "Revisionists" have just begun their activities, their arguments are already being used to justify certain socio-political positions.

Historians and Their Times

Analyses of changing historical interpretations almost always reveal the deep involvement of historians in their own times, places, and moods. If the historian's environment is one of relative stability, his history generally elaborates rather than upsets accepted outlooks. On the other hand, new interpretations of past events often emerge during significant socio-political turmoils. In days of trouble or transition we sometimes question even the most firmly established beliefs. Standard interpretations of historical events lose force when they seem to become inadequate or irrelevant in the light of new experiences. Change engenders new needs. Historians, in common with others, try to meet these new needs by asking and answering

an altered set of questions. The search for an interpretation of the Constitutional era bears out this principle clearly. New views of the Constitutional era have been associated with significant socio-political influences—the rise of an urban-industrial civilization after the Civil War, a powerful middle-class protest against the drift of that civilization in the early twentieth century, a revival and expansion of the Progressive mood during the Great Depression, and the atmosphere of the Cold War following World War II.

The historians of the Constitution reflect their involvement in contemporary affairs both in the *selection* of specific subjects and in the *interpretation* of those subjects. For example, at every stage historians have been concerned with the relationship between government and the private economy. Their reactions to the economic theories and practices they attribute to the Founding Fathers varies according to their relations with contemporary socio-political movements. The Traditionalists—most of them supporters of industrialism and the Republican Party—approved highly of the Founding Fathers, who were depicted as the progenitors of the Party of Lincoln. The Beardians—most of them adherents of middle-class Progressivism—damned the collusion they discerned between business interests and the supporters of the Constitution. The Revisionists, seeking to validate the American tradition, have softened the Beardian strictures against the Founders and portrayed a pattern of behavior in the national interest. Interpretations of the thought and action of the Founders on a great variety of subjects consistently reflects the special entanglement of historians in their times.

On the other hand, historians of the Constitution have influenced their times. Their conclusions affected the general public attitudes toward contemporary issues and provided justifications for specific socio-political decisions. The judgments of the Traditionalists certainly deepened the public commitment to the cult of the Founding Fathers, whereas the Beardians definitely contributed to the reaction against uncritical patriotism. The Revisionists have encouraged a recent rebirth of respect for the Founders. Traditionalist views strengthened the American commitment to laissez faire economics, whereas Beardian views supported governmental intervention and regulation in the public interest. No doubt modern advocates of vested property rights will find comforting arguments in

certain Revisionist writings. Even the most cursory reference to Congressional debates, the public press, and books of opinion reveal copious references to historians in order to support given socio-political outlooks and proposals. Historians, whether they like it or not, are continually quoted by others in order to validate attitudes toward current issues.

Without question, historians have been and will continue to be profoundly affected by the impact of specific times, places, and moods. What then can be said about the question raised at the outset? Is history therefore a waste and a deception insofar as it is influential in the determination of public policy?

There are good reasons for believing that the very subjectivity of history enhances its utility. Subjectivity leads historians to relevant concerns, and there is no conclusive proof that the adverse effects of "present-mindedness" cannot be corrected or at least modified sufficiently to avoid undue abuses by means of new analytical methods. Subjectivity need not be destroyed; it need only be disciplined. Why should historians be relieved of the burdens of their environment any more than other people? They have no special claim to freedom from socio-political responsibility. Like other people, they should be sensitive to the probable effect of their actions. An historian is as much his brother's keeper as any other.

The tendency of historians to explore subjects suggested to them by contemporary events is quite desirable. By selecting relevant topics, the historian more or less automatically produces interpretations which relate directly or indirectly to the great issues of the day. The problem for the historian is to avoid undue distortions of historical interpretations based on an uncritical reception of current influences. He must avoid mere apologia for general contemporary outlooks. He should shape an independent and carefully considered outlook on public issues. By doing so, he equips himself to understand the possible socio-political consequences of his history; he can ask himself whether a given interpretation is a consequence of his research or an unjustified reading of contemporary concerns into the past. Historians are on sound ground if they examine past events which might be of assistance in solving contemporary problems. They are on untenable ground if they unconsciously shape the past into the image of their times.

But what is to be said to those critics who argue that our very finite location in space-time *inevitably* insures undue distortion of the past? These critics do not believe merely that historians are a part of their times; they believe historians are unalterably victimized by their environments. If historians cannot avoid distorting the past into the outlines of the present, then history can never be more than an exotic version of the present in the guise of the past. To some extent at least, all of the historians discussed above read their own times into the Constitutional era. Are future historians doomed to the same fate? The burden of proof legitimately lies with the accuser. So far, the "irrationalist" historians have not proved their case. Meanwhile other historians should strive to correct against subjectivity. Many openings exist for those who wish to attempt this task.

Up to this point I have suggested that historians especially concerned with history as a part of the discussion of human affairs should choose relevant subjects. This task is accomplished easily enough if they remain well informed on current affairs. I have also suggested that historians should explore possible means of controlling subjective influences. How could these suggestions be applied by modern historians of the 1780's?

Revising Revisionism

What subjects should the Revisionists consider, if they are interested in helping the general society to cope with today's problems? The national and international problems precipitated by the Cold War have defined current public issues rather clearly, and among them are issues which also concerned the Revolutionary Generation. These issues could easily receive special attention in Revisionist scholarship. Contemporary Revisionism has only just begun; its future is not fixed. There is no reason why the Revisionists cannot dispense with their defensiveness. They have approached the history of the 1780's unduly cowed by apprehensions about the 1950's. They ought to concentrate on issues which have current significance, but they ought not to allow their interpretations to be distorted by current fears.

There are three general subjects which might reasonably attract

modern historians of the 1780's. What is the proper scope and purpose of civil rights and obligations? What is the proper relationship between government and the economy? How can the United States utilize its power to assist in stabilizing international relations? The Founding Fathers dealt with all these problems. We need a fresh new analysis of their ideas, an analysis made in the light of the contemporary national and international crises which are creating so much anxiety. The Revisionists have offered new interpretations of each subject, but up to now they have allowed their concern with present dislocations to dominate their analyses as well as their choice of subject matter. They have too often treated their subject without imagination and courage. The Revisionist effort need not concern itself narrowly with fruitless castigation or validation of the past. Historians ought to look back in candor, not in yearning or frustration.

What can historians do to lessen the adverse effects of subjective interpretations? Perhaps the most fruitful present alternative would be to make increased use of assumptions, methods, and data derived from the non-historical behavioral disciplines, usually called the social sciences. If properly associated with tested procedures, behavioral studies can be of great assistance to historians in search of an objective history which can be responsibly utilized in connection with public affairs. A cardinal virtue of behavioral science is the self-correcting potential built into its methodology. The behavioral scientist constantly tests prior assumptions as he investigates new subjects. Consequently, he is often forced to revise and even reject them on the basis of new evidence. The hypotheses he examines are usually derived *a priori* from previous laws and theories, but these are tested by the inductive methods of observation and experimentation. The methods of the behavioral scientists lessen the chance of distortion due to subjective influences. Even when previous errors have led to incorrect theory, later investigations eventually expose the original error. If historians utilize the methods of the social scientists, adapting them for their special purpose—the study of past changes in space-time—they too can profit from the self-correcting attributes of behavioral methodology.

The behavioral scientists have something else to offer historians besides methodology; they have accumulated a remarkable store of

information about human behavior. Historians are students of human behavior, and from one point of view history is itself a behavioral study. The significance of history is its emphasis on problems of change, causation, and meaning of past events. Alone among students of human behavior, historians may aspire to a general synthesis of past human behavior. The typologies of the behavioral scientists often strike historians as useless. Historians usually are interested in concrete situations; behavioral scientists are often interested in generalizations based on a series of individual cases. Historians should learn how to develop hypotheses derived from the generalizations about human behavior and test their usefulness in the specific situations they are examining. The generalized information about behavior possessed by the behavioral disciplines is of great assistance in determining the special characteristics of a concrete historical act.

Until historians are convinced beyond doubt that historical accuracy is unattainable, they must accept the responsibility of striving for improvements. Historians will not demean their discipline if they absorb behavioral concepts. In fact, many specialized varieties of history stem from the application of behavioral concepts to past changes in space-time. For example, social history derives from the application of sociology to the changing past. Cultural historians are dependent on anthropological data. Political historians must constantly refer to the work of political scientists. Historians in the past have relied principally on the data collected by behavioral scientists rather than on procedures. They have not given enough attention to behavioral theory and methodology. The application of theoretical and methodological principles to historical problems is the next assignment.

Some historians will, of course, find themselves unable to utilize behavioral approaches and information. They should follow their own instincts but grant a similar freedom of action to those who wish to experiment. The senseless excoriation of behavioral applications to history occasionally included in the book review sections of historical journals is certainly a disservice to historical scholarship. Responsible critiques and considered warnings against excesses are something else. They must be fostered and protected. Historians recently have begun to fear the rising exponents of behavioral studies.

They seem to constitute a challenge to the former prestige of Clio. The answer to this possibility is not to suppress the behavioral sciences; the task of those who worry about such things is to improve the performance of historians.

The careless tendency of some historians to dismiss experimental studies involving applications of behavioral materials as "mere sociology," "amateur psychologizing," or "armchair anthropology" without careful study and criticism reflects an intellectual bankruptcy of dangerous proportions.

Conclusion

I have contended that increased use of the social sciences would lend enhanced objectivity and utility to historical studies. If the behavioral scientists have unveiled subjectivity, and even bowed to it on occasion, they have done so in the hope that we might either suppress it or bend it to our best interests. If frequently they have failed, they have succeeded splendidly in many other efforts. They have expanded our sense of human complexity and helped us to gain broad new insights into human conditions and needs. The test of utility, which is central to the study of human behavior, insures improvements over time, if we guard against freezing knowledge and inhibiting intellectual experimentation.

There is always change in space-time. We measure it against moral criteria and call it Progress, Conservation, or Retrogression. We may worry forever about the objectivity of our ethics without ever reaching a consensus, but in the interim we may measure the objective consequences of commitment to given criteria with increasing accuracy. The moral criterion implicit in this commentary is the belief that improved sanctions against man's inhumanity to man are signposts of progress. Such improvements hedge, at least temporarily, against the inevitable suffering and death with which we are so preoccupied at the moment. If we are better equipped to destroy each other than ever before, we are also better equipped for creativity. Behavioral scientists help us to comprehend our limitations, but also to realize our potentialities.

Historians of the 1780's selected problems and considered them in the light of concrete environmental circumstances. Whether con-

sciously or not, they wrote for their own times as well as for the ages. Had they done so more carefully and consciously, their history might well have stood more effectively against the ravishes of time. If motivations and purposes have often remained deeply submerged in the minds of practicing historians, later students sooner or later uncover them. Modern historians who think in the context of the Cold War will serve both the present and the future more effectively than previous historians, if they define their motives carefully, select relevant historical subjects, and draw more regularly upon the behavioral disciplines for useful assumptions, methods, and materials.

Heft

By NORMA FARBER

Weigh light, and tell us the measure who wait
to lift it. Weigh it like wind in the hand.
Advise, can it be uplevered from where

it lies so still and light on earth,
it looks an act of levitation,
not leaning, not even the least, against

the rock it outlines large in the listing
grass? To hold in hand the light
of day, what shall we do who lose it

dark in our digits closing to keep it?
Pry the answer out of the world
like sun that prises our fist to open up

loose, receiptful, five-way-indicative.
Praise the world disclosing, unburdening:
palm of the hand held out to be lighted on.

Wife of a Harvard Medical School professor, NORMA FARBER is a concert singer as well as a poet whose work has appeared in many periodicals. A collection of her poems was published by Scribner's in *Poets of Today, II.*

The Closed Door Policy

By SYLVIA ANGUS

■ As the arts of any society reflect the attitudes of that society, so it is also true that those arts, by reinforcing the attitudes, have a distinctly rigidifying effect on them. The artistic expression of ideas, generally coming after the ideas, embodies them in a visible form which tends to expand their currency.

This principle is nowhere more evident than in the effects of modern architecture on family life and its tendency to reinforce the crowd psychology of modern American life. When Frank Lloyd Wright began his experiments with plastic space in the 1890's, the majority of the American people lived in homes with box-type rooms. In these rooms specialized activities, such as dining, piano playing, studying, and sleeping, were enclosed. The inhabitants, by the simple process of closing a door, shut out all other people and all other activities than the ones in which they were interested. Whether for good or for ill, the narrow, often gloomy, box-type of home architecture encouraged "separateness," an awareness of the individual as an isolate, living a life turned inward, protected by a closing of doors. It was a type of building which reinforced the individualism of what David Riesman has called the "inner-directed" man.

Within those narrow, box cells adolescents fought out their rebellions against parental authority, contrived inventions, wrote

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poetry, sat in cramped postures at dormer windows looking at spring evenings. Not only did these old houses foster inwardness; they also bred resistance. They were uncomfortable, dark, full of sharp furniture, waste space, odd steps and crannies, steaming attics, and frightful underground cellars. By sheer discomfort, they forced thought. One had always to consider one's steps, watch out for furniture, tremble at sounds from cellars surely contrived in the mind of Poe. The simple "cussedness" of these houses sensitized their inhabitants, made them aware and conscious of themselves as men in a hard, unyielding environment. Whether these houses came first or whether the individualism came first is a chicken-or-egg type of question, but it is certainly a fact that the Victorian house encouraged individualism. It would be fantastic, for instance, to try to picture the family of Nathaniel Hawthorne or Thomas Carlyle inhabiting a ranch house. There is no place in modern architecture for hermits, for people wandering alone in half-light.

I use the term "Victorian" of these houses, but that is, of course, inaccurate and used merely for convenience. The enclosed, box type of architecture is very old. So, indeed, is the conception of fluid space which we associate with Wright. In medieval Paris there were tenements consisting of small, closed rooms. Among the Iroquois of New York and the Melanesians of the South Pacific, the huge, long-house type of structure, in which all interior space was open, was a common building device. The Victorian house, however, is so perfect a quintessence of the qualities against which Wright's architecture rebelled that I shall continue to us it as an epitome.

If the Victorian house, then, reinforces the human attitude of individualism, what has been the effect of the so-called modern home? The most psychologically significant shift in modern architecture has been in the plastic use of space, and its effect has been to encourage communal living. The door, except for bedrooms, has been almost eliminated. Instead, we have a broad space, divided, if at all, only by poles, low partitions, *trompe l'oeil* panels, or sliding glass sheets. No longer do even the walls give a sense of enclosure, for there are vast areas of glass and casement windows, both of which tend to bring indoors and outdoors together. This last effort, to make outside and inside one, often goes so far as to bring whole trees into the house or extend house floors into the garden. Not only

does the house break down barriers between people; it also breaks down the barriers between what was once conceived to be "inside" and "outside."

Obviously so great an architectural shift as "Wright's revolution" must have cultural repercussions. The daily environment in which people live profoundly affects the mental and emotional tone of their lives. Specifically, the modern home reinforces the social movement toward what has been odiously labelled "togetherness." When there is no longer a parlor for grandpa to sit in, a dining room where children spread homework, or a kitchen for cooking, but instead an open area in which the family visibly functions "together," an attitude of group or co-operative activity is fostered. The family is always conscious of itself as a unit, working and playing together. It is a consciousness strongly advocated by modern psychology, by progressive education, and by all the mass media of communication. If, as William Whyte suggests, our society is oriented toward the "organization man," it behooves us to know how to work together, how to act as a team. This teamwork is more effective when it is reinforced by the family, and even more effective when it is reinforced by the very architecture of the home.

The virtues of this architecture-fostered togetherness can be considered only on the value level. Certain things can obviously best be done by co-operative group effort, like football or choral work or building a neighborhood playground. Our most profoundly creative processes, however, tend to function best in solitude. It was no accident, for instance, that so little significant creative work came out of so highly charged and intellectual a group as the members of Brook Farm, nor that such thoughtful minds as Emerson's, Margaret Fuller's, and Nathaniel Hawthorne's recognized that group life was incompatible with individual productivity. It is perhaps also no accident that none of the other community living experiments so common in this country in the nineteenth century produced anything of lasting vitality. Communal living offers rewards of sociability but it tends to diffuse the individual personality over too broad an area for the creative talents to come to any focus.

There is considerable public awareness of the overemphasis of our society on group activity. One of the most pathetic and most often heard plaints of the modern intellectual is that the young are

too crowd oriented, that they no longer write poetry or read books, that they are lost and bewildered outside their gangs or cliques. A recent copy of *Teen* magazine carried four pages of pictures of the bleak, street-wandering Saturday night of a teen-aged boy who was temporarily out of touch with his customary fun-group. Dr. Lindner, whose *Rebel Without a Cause* has started a chain reaction in Hollywood movie-making, has pointed out the drastic need of our young for social contact and the concomitant drying up of the capacity for individual action or even individual dreaming—the stuff of poetry. Police and penologists all over the country are constantly discussing the type of the "new" juvenile delinquent, a hard-eyed boy or girl without individual values, whose actions are seemingly oriented totally to a set of murderous gang mores.

Obviously no one voice in the wilderness will suffice to change so mighty a social trend toward "togetherness," but might it not be possible to modify our direction to some degree? In a cogent discussion of modern education, David Riesman has suggested we may have gone too far in the direction of permissive, project-type education aimed at group action and social adjustment. Perhaps it is time, he says, that educators adopt an "anti-cyclical" position, attempt to act as a counterweight to an overblown trait of our culture, emphasize once more the values of individual effort and action.[1]

Dr. Riesman's suggestion might well be applied to areas of society other than education. When the social pendulum has swung too far in one direction it is time for our intellectual and artistic leaders to set a new compass point. If fashion stylists have so little trouble changing female silhouettes annually, might it not be equally possible to modify their homes? If only to get us away from the dreary miles of "ranch" houses with identical lamps set in identical picture windows, the effort would be salutary. If, in addition, the architects could cease to reinforce with their designs—however slightly—the set toward communal living they would be exerting a practical social influence of considerable cumulative importance.

Any new architectural direction must clearly not be a return to the moldy discomforts of the Victorian home. There is no reason

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[1]David Riesman, "Thoughts on Teachers and Schools", *The Anchor Review*, Number One, 1955.

to lose our great architectural advances in the direction of lighter, airier, more functional homes. It should be possible to achieve solitude without bringing back the era of barked shins and damp cellars. There will, of course, have to be a return of the door to popular favor. Instead of a vast space divided into areas by dividers more psychological than real, it might be better to have distinctly separate rooms for reading, games, music, dining, and conversation.

In recent years the lack of true privacy has become so apparent in modern homes that something like this separation has actually been happening, but happening in a blindly groping way and with some of the absurd results one is apt to find where there is no conscious planning. Bedrooms have become bed-sitting rooms so that people can live as well as sleep in them. Cellars have been developed into "rumpus" rooms so that the children can be separated from the adults. "Family rooms" have been added on or made out of sun decks as places, usually small and cozy, where families can loll about together. Kitchens have developed eating bars or corners where nine-tenths of all meals are taken. In the middle of all these specialized rooms stands the vast living room-dining room, clean, spacious, beautiful—and deserted. One is reminded of the old style parlor which stood, unheated but immaculate, in the center of farm homes, used only on state occasions while the family foregathered by the kitchen stove or shivered privately in its bedrooms.

The truth of the matter is that living room areas have grown too big. Only a minute number of people entertain on a scale to require acres of space. The rest of us poor mortals rarely have more than eight or ten guests. Why, instead of having "conversation groupings" of furniture in the lonely sea of our big living rooms, do we not simply have a smaller, specialized room for conversation?

In any planning for privacy, the size of the structure is a vital consideration. The homes of the wealthy, in which the concept of plastic space was originally demonstrated, are obviously better able to reap the benefits of area living than are the homes of the middle and lower income brackets. They are large enough to achieve some of the effects of privacy by the sheer magnitude of their enclosed space. The smaller homes, however, which have slavishly followed the exciting new "flowing space" designs, have come a cropper. When a small living room, dining room, and kitchen flow together,

one has neither the sense of gracious space nor the convenience of separation of activities. All members of the family are forced into elbow-rubbing proximity for even the least social of activities. Since by far the greater number of American homes belong to this latter category of lower income bracket, it seems evident that the majority of Americans have not been well served by the concept of plastic space.

The details of an "individual-oriented" house must obviously be left to the creative talents of architects, but that it is time for a reaction to the "togetherness" house seems clear from the whole seeking, frenetic, over-socialized tone of our society. Once the architects have begun to help us invite our own souls, it may be possible to persuade Madison Avenue to join the new trend. Perhaps the new, solitary look may even invade the television ads and, in place of gay, smoking groups, we may see a young scientist relaxing in his quiet study over a cigarette, or a poet dreaming at a window over a cup of instant coffee.

Conference of Heads

By EARLE BIRNEY

The quiet diesel in the breast
    propels a trusting keel
whether we swing toward a port
    or into whales of steel.

The compassed mind must quiver north
    though every chart defective;
there is no fog but in the will,
    the iceberg is elective.

EARLE BIRNEY teaches at the University of British Columbia, has had two novels and four volumes of poetry published, and has appeared in most of the magazines publishing serious verse here and in Great Britain. His *Selected Poems* will be published on both sides of the Atlantic this year.

The Destructive Element

(On Teaching My Daughter How To Float)

By JAMES L. ROSENBERG

"Fear death by drowning"—older than the race,
Written in our nerves; we shrink
From water's cold ambiguous embrace,
And come up choking. Water is to drink,
Not breathe.
And yet:
That swimmer soonest sinks who fears
The water's love, my love.
Here on my arm
You lie, with water whispering round your ears,
Your body tensed against the liquid harm
Of nothingness that seeks to suck you down
And strangle you.
But water does not kill.
It is the fear, the fear that dooms us down.
Oh, give yourself to the water, fear no harm,
And after my impermanent, sustaining arm
No longer's here to steady and enfold you
Lie easy and accepting in the water's love
And it will hold you.

JAMES L. ROSENBERG, who teaches English at Kansas State University, has had poems published in the *New Yorker*, *Atlantic*, *Saturday Review*, and many of the quarterlies, and Rinehart has published his verse translation of *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*.

A Child's Bestiary

By JAMES L. ROSENBERG

1.

A tree is a tall fellow,
A motionless dancer;
He moults in the winter-time,
And in the spring
Bird's-nests, fruit and nuts
Drip from his spiny fingers.

2.

A stone is a still person,
At his core:
Such brightness, tightness, coldness
Mind cannot utter.

3.

Water goes clear ways on invisible feet
In soluble freedom;
When cold comes,
It gathers to invincible stillness.
Warm nights, under bright stars,
It smiles in its dreams.

4.

Birds are a sense of float and swoop
Made manifest in feathers,
And their voices:
Spirits of little bells that float and swoop.

5.

The snake is a soundless sinuosity that parts the grass;
Dire and sharp and bitter his little tooth!

6.

The butterfly is a lace of dancing jewelry;
He lives a sweet but brief moment in blossoms.

7.

The sky is a giant emotion;
Sometimes blue with happiness;
Sometimes terrible in tears;
Sometimes electric with rage;
Sometimes snowing benedictions of bright crystal.
He has no beginning or end.

8.

The fish slips cold ways in wet latitudes;
Lithe as a current of flowing
And turned in the lathe of the water,
His life is a long curve.
Cool in his running silence, he speaks a language of bubbles.

9.

The snail lives in a shut house.
Testing the texture of his town with shrinking prongs,
He draws back in upon himself when hurt,
Seals up his valves,
And thinks zero.

10.

What a man is, I do not know.

Diego Rivera and His Mexico

By ALFRED WERNER

■ *"Wer den Dichter will verstehen, Muss in Dichters Lande gehen,"* wrote Goethe, to advise those who wished to understand a poet to become acquainted with the poet's native land. If this is sound advice, it is even more applicable to the realm of art. For the artist is, by necessity, an "*Augenmensch*" (this, too, from Goethe), a creative human being depending more than anyone else on sensations received by the eye. Not before setting foot in Mexico last summer did I feel that I had arrived at a real understanding of Diego Rivera's work, not before experiencing the country's semi-tropical colors, seeing the palm, cactus, and agave that so often surround his figures, and, of course, not before watching the natives at work and play. To appreciate the sources of Rivera's art, one must not only have seen the plump Indian women stoically flattening the maize dough for the tortillas, the silent farmers toiling in the fields, the fiestas in the small towns and villages, but also the treasures of pre-Columbian art nowhere as abundant and magnificently displayed as in Mexico City's Museo Nacional de Antropológia.

Mexico City and its environs hold the bulk of Rivera's work. Even though one can get a fair idea of the character and scope of his *oeuvre* by studying the frescoes he made for buildings in Detroit and San Francisco and the rich collection of watercolors, drawings, and prints in New York's Museum of Modern Art, only a visit to

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Mexico's capital will illuminate the social implications of his life and work. For Mexico City is a slumbering volcano of sharp and even brutal contrasts and contradictions. On the Paseo de la Reforma, a New World Champs-Elysées and certainly one of the widest and most elegant boulevards in the world, can be seen cosmopolitan sophisticates descending from shining new Cadillacs to enter luxurious hotels, restaurants, and shops equal to the best in New York or Paris—as well as barefooted Indian mothers, babies strapped to their backs, desperately trying to sell National Lottery tickets to the "gringos." In downtown Mexico City, street vendors, their pitiful wares spread out before them, squat impassively in the shade of once magnificent, but now slowly disintegrating, Baroque palaces or glass-fronted skyscrapers which are rapidly replacing older, more modest office buildings.

I came too late to meet the master (he had died in Mexico City on November 25, 1957) yet the artists, writers, dealers, collectors I met were talking about him as though he were still alive—but not quite so (for while he was still around, the prudent would not dare to say anything critical about him to a stranger who might, after all, report "blasphemous" remarks to the easily aroused and rather vengeful God of Mexican Art). His physical presence could still be felt—an obese giant who looked like a huge frog, and who, despite the "ugliness" of a bloated face with protruding ironic eyes, was an irresistible charmer.

There was less agreement about his character. Without doubt he was eloquent, witty, well-informed, but many remembered him as an ogre who considered any fellow artist looking for wall space to paint on as his mortal enemy. The Rivera who never passed a beggar without pressing some pesos into the upturned palm was cruel towards anyone with views on politics, religion, or art that did not match his own and was not above destroying his "adversary," although more subtle in his methods of assassination than using the gun that he had worn for years in a cartridge belt.

He was a rogue like Benvenuto Cellini, a rake like Casanova, and many children have been attributed to him. Yet, despite all his affairs, he seems to have cherished his wife, Frida. They were married from 1928 until her death in 1954. Never, it appears, did individuals so dissimilar live together in marital union. Frida Kahlo

was small and frail and introverted. Whereas Rivera was hale and vigorous until his very last years, Frida, who, at sixteen, had been injured severely in a traffic accident, spent her life in a series of only half-successful surgical operations, valiantly enduring insufferable pain. Rivera, adhering to a somewhat stylized brand of harsh realism, chose his subject matter from the hard and often brutal political and social life of his nation. Frida Kahlo, an insufficiently recognized Surrealist painter, was inspired by another kind of tragedy—her own. For her themes are illness, surgery, child-birth, death—treated in a spirit closer to the Pre-Raphaelites than to the mannerisms of Dali.

Mrs. Rivera's existence is often ignored by those who have written about Rivera, and she is one of several "mysteries" in the life of this ingenious mountebank. His autobiography, dictated over a period of ten years to an American journalist, but still unpublished, probably will not offer irrefutable information on Rivera's mixed ancestry, on his complicated political gyrations, on his friendships and enmities, though it will, by implication, shed light on the author's ambiguous character.

There are, however, a few verifiable facts, the most important being the date of his birth—December 8, 1886. Rivera was a native of the mining city of Guanajuato but as early as 1892 moved with his family to the capital city. He thus saw it when, apart from the already crumbling Colonial buildings, it consisted of the sumptuous Second Empire villas built by the mestizo cronies of dictator Porfirio Diaz, and the unmentionable, and seldom mentioned, little slum habitations of the Indio servants and workers. Rivera lived long enough to witness the city's fantastic growth and transformation from "a charming little Paris into a large Houston, Texas" (as the painter Siqueiros expressed to me his distaste for Mexico City's modernization). Yet whatever physical changes occurred within a few decades, in the city—in whose suburb, Coyoacán, he resided with his wife—all sensitive visitors have agreed upon one apparently unchanged aspect: the gap between the fabulously rich and the abysmally poor, between the white or mestizo managerial class, and the illiterate Indian proletariat.

One must bear in mind these sociological and racial facts to understand the basic differences between the two most famous Communist painters of our time—the one, Rivera, the other, of course,

Pablo Picasso. Most articles devoted to Rivera stress his indebtedness to the Spaniard, and Rivera has, indeed, been quoted as saying that, while he never believed in God, he did believe in Picasso. The similarities between these two men, in background and character, are striking enough: both came from intellectual middle-class families, achieved wealth through their art, yet became enthusiastic sponsors of Communism. Both made headlines a hundred times more frequently than such equally important, but much less eccentric and extroverted, contemporaries as Braque or—in Mexico—Orozco. Both have challenged the old established values in art: Picasso by introducing Cubism, Rivera by his large compositions simplified in form and color that have ushered in a truly Mexican art and supplanted the sentimental imitation of French academic art and Zuloaga and Sorolla.

But there is a marked difference in their attitudes regarding the function of art. Picasso, who was sixty-three when he officially joined the Communist Party, never cared whether or not his work might be understood by the masses, and in his famous interview with Christian Zervos even poked fun at people overly eager to "understand" art. Rivera, however, along with Siqueiros and, to a lesser degree, perhaps, Orozco, deliberately went out to "socialize artistic expression." He, who was a Communist—though not always a follower of Moscow's party-line—for the last half of his life, insisted upon the role of art as a social instrument.

He once explained why he loved such abstract painters as Kandinsky and Klee, yet himself produced nothing that, in his opinion, might be beyond the ken of the average man. Connoisseurs, he explained, love *canard faisandé*—duck that has been hung until it has become "high"—but the ordinary French worker would throw it out. Just as the cuisine of the sophisticated bourgeois makes the proletarian queasy, so will he react violently against bourgeois painting. He, Rivera, was fortunate enough to have an "educated nose," but he, himself part Indian, could never forget or ignore the simpler tastes of the millions, never paint anything that was not clear, firm, and plainly to be understood by everyone.

Both Picasso and Rivera arrived in Paris in a period when the arts were in ferment and the idols of Renaissance tradition broken or discarded forever. But Picasso was never to leave France, except

for brief journeys, and developed an art that is as tortuous to the uninitiated ones as *canard faisandé* is unappetizing to the non-gourmet. By contrast, Rivera returned to a Mexico whose population consisted mainly of poor, uneducated péons, and which had produced no genuine, indigenous art since the fall of Montezuma. Picasso no longer had any use for Spain; Rivera, on the other hand, needed Mexico as much as Mexico needed him. He might not have discovered and developed his vigor of originality had he not come back to his native land. One is reminded of the story of Antaeus, the giant of Greek mythology who proved invincible as a wrestler, for, whenever his strength began to wane, he derived fresh strength from renewed contacts with his mother earth. Hercules, however, discovered the source of his strength and, lifting him away from the earth, was able to crush him to death.

Artistically, Rivera might have been "crushed to death" by his friend Picasso, for Rivera's early cubistic paintings are utterly derivative; the still lifes, musicians, and card players painted by Picasso around 1914 were imitated by this "Mexican cowboy" (as the Parisians called him) with little conviction, and less success. Thus, it was his good fortune to have known the source of his own strength and to have returned to Mexico in 1921. His biographer, Bertram Wolfe, relates that Rivera had become homesick "as an artist even more than as man," and adds:

> The merest hints of Mexico, a softness in the air, or a solitary plant, was sufficient to set his nostalgic mood to work. . . . For thirteen years now he had struggled to be a European and had not succeeded. . . . On his innumerable works . . . there were legible the traces of a desperate conflict: the struggle between disoriented imitativeness striving to learn and acquiring great skill and virtuosity in the process, and a personality seeking to express itself in terms of its own heritage and views, which were other than the heritage and view of his masters.

In the Mexico of the Twenties, Rivera became a Communist, not because he had read *Das Kapital* or Lenin's theoretical writings and found himself to be in agreement with them, but because the Communists in this backward, demoralized, and impoverished country appeared to him to be the only ones anxious and able to fulfill the vast promises made by the national revolution of 1910. Even in 1959, any American crossing the Rio Grande quickly notices that he has

entered another world, picturesque, no doubt, but also sadly lacking in the material comforts offered even by the less prosperous parts of the United States. Nearly four decades ago, Rivera, returning from France to a country where illiteracy was high and where a dozen rabble-rousers had filled their pockets and those of their lieutenants at the expense of the unorganized, politically naive masses, must have felt that the machinery of democratic reform that he had seen at work in Western Europe was much too slow for his country. He feared that it might not work at all, and that the only means with which to combat reactionary force was counter-force.

Picasso is more of an Anarchist than a Communist, and, world-famous and independent, he has repeatedly defied the Party in matters of aesthetic principles. Rivera became a Communist as early as 1922 and within a year was elected to the party's Executive Committee, but his comrades were justified in suspecting him of being a Zapatist rather than a true Leninist or Stalinist. (Emiliano Zapata was the primitive leader whose major aim was an agrarian revolution that would oust estate owners, land sharks, venal judges, and other oppressors of landless peasants.)

It is difficult to say whether his politics influenced his art or whether his aesthetic principles made it easier for him to join a party claiming to be of and for the masses. One ought to remember that in the nineteenth century the artist became the isolated and economically insecure figure that he has remained to this day. To combat this state of affairs, artists wanted to become a "mass," they banded together in a variety of groups. Camille Pissarro even wanted the Impressionists to be a co-operative modeled on a professional bakers' association whose set-up he had studied. He dreamed of ways of making art accessible to the masses through inexpensive reproductions and was active in a *Club de L'Art Social* which had among its objectives the encouragement of popular art and the establishing of contacts between literary, artistic, and political groups.

These and similar efforts were premature and therefore in vain, or European artists were too unruly to join anything resembling a trade union (*vide* Modigliani, or Picasso!). But Diego Rivera and his colleagues, in the Twenties, succeeded in organizing the "Revolutionary Union of Technical Workers, Painters, Sculptors, and Allied Trades." Believing in "Mexicanidad," they were determined to create

an art that would be national (based on the traditions of pre-Columbian architecture and sculpture) and social (clear, simple, direct, so that everyone would understand it)—an art that would take its motifs from historic events close to the hearts of the common people.

These aims were, perhaps, admirable—but they were too self-conscious, too rigid, to permit the free flow of creative imagination. Rivera, well versed in the history of art, ought to have realized that strict programs and regulations are a hindrance rather than a help in the realm of art and that creativity thrives on freedom. The art of Byzantium was limited by the dictatorial regime the Eastern Church exerted upon all its members, including craftsmen and architects. Art developed in the Renaissance period to the height we admire in Da Vinci, Michelangelo, and Raphael mainly because the Patron Church permitted its artists liberties that no medieval pope or bishop would have allowed. Art suffered in the seventeenth century when the French Academy demanded that its practitioners should treat only important and noble subjects, preferably from classical antiquity, and there was again a decline when Jacques Louis David, as the art dictator of the French Revolution, ushered in an era of grandiosity, with many a frigid, pretentious, and declamatory composition.

Rivera was far too clever a man to think that his fellow-Mexicans, especially those who were not even able to read or write, were the most reliable arbiters of good taste, himself having observed that "the workman, ever burdened with his daily labor, could cultivate his taste only in contact with the worst and vilest portions of bourgeois art which reached him in cheap chromos and the illustrated papers." But he was sufficiently optimistic to believe that he and his friends might be able to uplift the "man in the street" by giving him the proper food for his eyes: wholesome, yet also well cooked, of a good quality, while also easy to digest.

The triumvirate of Mexican muralists—Rivera, Orozco, and Siqueiros—concentrated on the importance of public buildings: the ordinary worker, they argued, never enters a museum but often finds his way into government offices—hence, their wall space must be utilized. At the same time, knowing that people who hurriedly walk through such buildings on their everyday errands will not stop for a careful inspection, they planned and executed the picture so that it

could be taken in even by a passing glance. Finally, the subject matter was chosen to be of the most immediate interest to the man, woman, or child casually looking at the work.

With all these interesting ideas and ideals, Rivera and his friends soon ran into trouble. They were content to tell anecdotes, they drew their inspiration from Aztec folklore, they spread naked political propaganda, yet, being intrinsically and basically artists, they used artistic means. But did the Indio, looking at the huge superhuman nude figures spread out, tapestry-like, in rhythmic organization, really recognize himself and his fellow-Mexicans? Were not the emotion-fraught colors rather different from those which the peon noticed upon and around himself? Even at the height of their political enthusiasm, these artists were not able to forget completely the maxim that had been formulated by the French painter, Maurice Denis: "Remember that a picture—before being a battle horse, a nude woman, or some anecdote—is essentially a plane surface covered with colors assembled in a certain order."

This, then, was their dilemma: if they remained artists above anything else, they were liable to produce murals emulating (though perhaps not achieving) the grand scale of a Michelangelo, provided they would neglect the limitations of the "patron's" perceptive faculty. On the other hand, if they stooped to lower their artistic standards sufficiently to make themselves understood by everyone, they were squandering their tremendous technical skills on propaganda sheets blown up to huge dimensions.*

As for Rivera, too often did he cram too many figures and episodes into a panel with an exaggerated realism that leaves no room for flights of imagination and in flat, shrill color devoid of all

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*In the United States, during the years of the Works Progress Administration (1933-1941), artists faced a similar dilemma, though to a much smaller degree. American artists were given themes when commissioned to decorate the walls of federal courthouses, hospitals, post offices, and housing projects. No political pressure was exerted upon them by the administration, and if radical thought was expressed in some of the murals, this was the painter's own affair. If many of the nearly one thousand murals look terribly dated to us after only twenty years (whereas Giotto's frescoes are still exciting six centuries after their inception), our disappointment is due to the fact that the artists too often were mediocre painters, though ardent social dreamers.

sophistication. Where is the joy that we derive from the subtle chromatic combinations in Klee's paintings? Where is the equilibrium of Mondrian's design? Where the unceasing inner flame that moves Picasso to proceed from one experiment to another?

Had Mr. Rockefeller permitted Rivera's mural to stay (in the New York center that bear's the financier's name) rather than to insist upon its destruction (Rockefeller was annoyed by Lenin's portrait within the picture), Rivera would not have derived the satisfaction of being saluted as a martyr to capitalist oppression. Today, few people would have paid much attention to them, except for tourists to whom certain details might have been pointed out for their worth as sheer curiosities. I was struck by his work's artistic inadequacy after seeing, last summer, a very slightly altered version in Mexico City's Palacio de Bellas Artes. (There Trotzky and Marx are added to Lenin, and a portrait of John D. Rockefeller, Jr. is included in the night-club scene, in an understandable stroke of vengeance.)

But he could do much better—for instance, the frescoes he made for the Detroit Museum of Fine Arts. I believe they are superior because, coming to Detroit, he for the first time came into contact with factories, machine shops, and laboratories of a kind he had never seen in Europe, and certainly not in a country as undeveloped as Mexico. The poet in him was awakened by what he saw, and the naive joy of fresh discovery proved to be stronger, at that point, than the abhorrence of the indubitably ugly aspects existing in the laborers' life and work. All that he had learned about the inevitability of a classless society, to be achieved through the dictatorship of the proletariat, sank into oblivion for the moment while he was fascinated by the city's "marvellous plastic material which years and years of work could not exhaust," by "bridges, dams, factories, locomotives, ships, industrial machinery, scientific instruments, automobiles, and airplanes." Since these were relatively new to him—at least as they presented themselves to him within the framework of the world's most advanced center of engineering, manufacturing, and building—his usual overstating of familiar facts was not possible. With an architect's keen eye for solid construction, he divided the entire available wall space of the inner court into twenty-seven panels to show through them how an abundant life might be created

through the fusion of the earth's mighty resources with the superior intelligence of man.

In lieu of the crude naturalism that we find so annoyingly boring in some of Rivera's propaganda pieces, the artist had to resort to symbolism, aided by geometric patterns provided by moving conveyor-belts and other machinery in motion. "As basic plan for the mural decoration," Rivera wrote, "I chose the plastic expression of the wave-like movement which one finds in water currents, electric waves, stratifications of different layers under the surface of the earth, and, in a general way, throughout the continuous development of life."

The Detroit murals were produced in 1932-33. About six years earlier Rivera painted what is considered his best work: the murals in the Escuela Nacional de Agricultura of Chapingo, some miles east of the capital city. In a barrel-vaulted rectangular room that had once served as a chapel, he made man's social development and the fertilization of the earth his double theme. Being Rivera, he could not help introducing here, too, the class struggle, with satirical exposés of capitalist, militarist, and churchman. But these scenes, fortunately, do not dominate. Still lingering in my fond memory of the recent excursion to Chapingo are the pictures of earthy female nudes, symbolizing fructification, fecundity, and germination, and of men and women at work in the fields. In these scenes he is gentle and lyrical, fascinated by the sinuous curves of the female body and by the quiet grandeur of simple people who have the same dignity that Gauguin immortalized in the Tahitians. Luckily for the artist, space limitations ruled out the painting of mass scenes, so that, instead, he had to make do with single figures or small groups and could devote to them his inherent poetry, embodied in the convincing simplicity of sure yet tender drawing, in pure yet restrained color, and in an unlabored play of movement.

Though the man Rivera, the lover and dreamer, reveals himself as nakedly as nowhere else, and though aesthetic considerations gain control over outspoken anti-capitalistic and anti-clerical propaganda, the hall became something like a "Sainte-Chapelle of the Mexican Revolution." Even those Mexicans who are not admirers of Rivera, and even rejoice that this art dictator has gone, concede that the Chapingo frescoes constituted the peak of the painter's work, never

matched during the thirty years of activity that were to follow. Foreigners take the trouble to make the one-hour trip to Chapingo just to visit the chapel. One of them, a French critic, has summed up these murals enthusiastically:

> The emotion overflows, an irresistible seduction sweeps criticism off its feet; on that drawing, which overwhelms you, an admirable rainbow of colors, a play of all violets, oranges, tender greens, rose of fire, unfolds its cargo of delights, all the voluptuous gamut of the light of Mexico.

Ironically, the same Mexicans who take the art-loving tourist to Chapingo, or to what is now the *Museo Frida Kahlo* (a two-house establishment, connected by a bridge, the "little house" having been for Frida, the "big house" for her husband), are likely to tell you (unless they are unreconstructed Communists) that Rivera's death removed, not only an important artist, but also a ruthless egotist who considered every available wall space to be destined for his use. They will also tell you, with relief, that Siqueiros, the only survivor of the trio, while vociferous and eager to play the role of dictator, is not powerful enough to turn the clock back. Indeed, current exhibitions at the Palacio de Bellas Artes (or at the private galleries in the elegant international quarter off the Paseo de la Reforma) indicate that many of the younger Mexican painters can produce significant forms without resorting to pigtails and sombreros, battle scenes and revolutionary anecdotes. With the demise of Orozco and Rivera, and the waning of Siqueiros, two younger (although not young) painters have come to the fore as exponents of an art closer to the aesthetic concepts of New York and Paris. They are Rufino Tamayo and a fellow-Indian, Carlos Merida. Tamayo's stylized renderings of wild dogs and of lush watermelons and his more recent, almost monochromatic, semi-abstractions, have become world famous in the past decade, but Merida's fame has not yet reached international proportions. In his work (amoeba-like figures and geometric forms in primary colors) "Mexicanidad," as it was understood thirty years ago, is not noticeable at all, but those who have read *The Plumed Serpent* will, indubitably, feel the mysterious atmophere of Mexico that was felt by the sensitive D. H. Lawrence.

Tamayo and Merida are at least aware of Rivera's importance in the history of Mexican art, but their younger colleagues have not the slightest respect for the late master. Several told me, quite

belligerently, that the soul of Mexico could be expressed without clinging to quaint images of outmoded customs and social images. They would agree with another cosmopolite rebel, young José Luis Cuevas, who recently wrote: "What I want in my country's art are broad highways leading out to the rest of the world rather than narrow trails connecting one adobe village with another."

Nevertheless, quite a few people in Mexico (and, for that matter, in the United States as well) insist that Rivera's attitude to art and to people was right. They argue that, although the masses now enjoy greater liberty than they did in the era of dictator Porfirio Diaz, and though the literacy rate is much higher today than it was when the new Mexican art arose, there are still many millions who are ill-fed, ill-clothed, ill-housed, ill-informed, and who, could they be made to look at pictures, would get something out of Rivera's frescoes but would be only baffled by abstractions.

But the harsh truth is that these people do *not* bother to look at Rivera's work. For the serape vendor who, after a day's work, is unable to fill his belly or his family's with any but the cheapest, least nourishing, food; for the Indio woman who, after bearing a dozen children, is depleted and aged at thirty; for the ragged boy who supports three younger brothers and a sick mother by shining shoes—Rivera does not exist.

The gigantic mural Rivera did for the lobby of the strikingly modern Hospital de la Raza, "The People's Demand for Better Health," shows, in numerous brightly hued episodes, the development of medicine in Mexico from the pre-Columbian period to the present day. It is one of his very last works, yet it recaptures the classic flavor and the rhythmic vitality that characterize his earlier, better work, and, unlike other works of his old age, it shows no trace of improvisation or hurry. Unfortunately, not one of the hundreds of passers-by (including serape vendors, Indian mothers, shoe-shine boys) seems to notice this luminous, dynamic fresco—nobody, that is, except for some *gringos* who may have read about it in *Artes de Mexico*.

But the *gringos,* having grown up in a climate of Abstraction and Abstract-Expressionism, are likely to be prejudiced against "Social Realism" even in its most valid manifestations. Time is working against Rivera, even in the sense that chemical changes are ruin-

ing his frescoes, some of which have aged more rapidly than Da Vinci's *Last Supper*, due to careless application of pigment on poorly prepared surfaces. I can foresee a time when of these big murals little will be left that was made by the hand, or, at least, under the supervision of, Rivera, for some of these works have been allowed to deteriorate to such a degree in the past twenty to forty years that even if restoration were to begin right now, one-third to four-fifths of the pigmented space would have to be repainted completely.

But even if the generation to come should be deprived of much of Rivera's basic work, the surviving murals would give some idea of the man and his soul—for excellent passages can be found, here and there, even amidst some altogether unsatisfactory work. And future art lovers may also discover what I wish to call the "unknown" Rivera, the maker of numerous small pieces, such as sensitive pencil drawings of women, oil portraits of friends, watercolor sketches of landscapes, works that have been neglected—unfairly we hasten to add—over certain big anecdotal murals that created controversies and made good newspaper copy. These small, unambitious works provide good insight into the man Rivera. They indicate that, despite all the bragging and self-advertising and shouting, he must have been a rather lovable monster, this Gargantua who was able to retain the love of many a woman, the friendship of such gentle individuals as Modigliani, Lipchitz, and Elie Faure, and the respect of critics, including some who, while not sharing his political ideas, could not help admiring the zest and versatility of his genius.

■ BOOKS

The Soviet Subject Viewed as Citizen

By WILLIAM PETERSEN

As one consequence of World War II, an unprecedented number of the Soviet Union's inhabitants saw something of the world on the other side of its borders. Some fled as refugees before one or the other army; more were sent out as forced laborers or as prisoners of war. At the end of the hostilities, there were more than five million in German-controlled territories, and of these several hundred thousand managed to elude repatriation and remained in Western Europe. In sum, these migrants constituted a potential source of new information on Soviet society, an invaluable supplement to the meager and often dubious data otherwise available. In 1950-51, in a project conducted by the Russian Research Center of Harvard University and financed by the U.S. Air Force, 764 of these men and women were given long interviews and almost 3,000 more filled in detailed questionnaires on the conditions of life as they had known it in their native land.

Information garnered from this source must be used with care, but properly interpreted it gives us a unique view of Soviet institutions, for it tells us also about the reaction of the Soviet people to them. This is the special contribution of a new work by Inkeles and Bauer.[1] An impression, for example, of the content of Soviet newspapers can be had from other sources—but not of how much the reader believes of what he reads, how

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[1] *The Soviet Citizen: Daily Life in a Totalitarian State.* By Alex Inkeles and Raymond A. Bauer. Harvard University Press, 1959. $10.00.

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much he depends on informal channels of communication, how valid these rumor circuits are likely to be. Other sources can give us, as another example, the differences in income and living conditions among the various social classes; but here such data are supplemented by indications of how satisfied each class is with its share, of the sources and strength of class conflict. For some of the major institutions of Soviet society, thus, the authors analyze not only the formal patterns of social interrelation but also the attitudes of the people involved and the way these affect their actual behavior.

To what degree were these respondents representative of the whole Soviet population, or even of the millions of refugees and other migrants? And to what extent can we depend on their reports as an unbiased account even of their own experiences? Quite properly, Inkeles and Bauer begin their book with an extended discussion of these important questions. The number of cases was large enough, and the breakdown by sex, age group, and occupation representative enough, to support—as the authors put it—"the type of analysis ordinarily undertaken in survey research." Though many of the respondents had been removed and had decided to remain abroad less because of their political convictions than as an accidental consequence of war and occupation, on the average they were probably more opposed to the regime than the Soviet population as a whole. This presumed political bias, however, need not have affected the substance of some of their responses, for any answer to many of the questions could be taken as an opportunity to express antagonism. For instance, to a query concerning family solidarity, one respondent might reply that his family coalesced against the oppressive regime, another that Communism subverted his family bond and wooed the young people away from their parents; but both could answer the question honestly quite apart from any bias. In some cases, the presumed political bias of the respondents even strengthens the authors' analysis. The fact, for example, that a substantial majority of these émigrés declared themselves in principled support of state ownership of heavy industry, of socialized medicine, of a welfare state generally, suggests even more pointedly than would responses from a random sample of the Soviet population that these attitudes prevail in that country.

In short, the authors have met head on the most obvious criticism of their study, and have answered it satisfactorily almost before the reader is able to formulate it. Nevertheless, the criticism remains relevant. Survey data collected from Soviet émigrés, while eminently worthy of analysis, do suffer from certain inherent and inescapable lacks; and one wonders how much longer these two competent sovietologists will continue to

work from this limited base. In addition to a considerable number of special studies and shorter general articles, members of the Harvard team have published a prior summary of the project's findings—*How the Soviet System Works: Cultural, Psychological, and Social Themes*, by the two authors of the book under review and Clyde Kluckhohn. *The Soviet Citizen* is not so much "quite independent of the earlier book" (as is asserted in the preface) as a considerably reworked new edition of it, covering the same basic themes from the same point of view, and subject to some of the same criticisms.

One difference between the two books is the greater prominence in *The Soviet Citizen* of the public-opinion analyst's methodology, and this change is not altogether a gain. Social psychology is a murky area, and the techniques that have been developed to analyze opinions and attitudes are still primitive. And this book is not as good as the best in this young field. It is full—too full for my taste—of tables. Very often the same information could have been given more appropriately in English prose, in which case an occasional table would have carried more weight with the reader. There is a Flattery Scale, a Distortion Scale, an Aspiration Index, an Interclass Harm Index, a Material Welfare Profile, a Mobility Code, and so on. My objection is neither to the data nor necessarily to the method of analysis, but to the dreary jargon with its pretentious capitalization and above all to the incessant quantification. The use of numerical indexes in social science can bring two important advantages, greater precision and a clearer view of complex interrelations when these are expressed in mathematical formulas rather than paragraphs of solid prose. However, when all that one can reasonably deduce is that "a substantial majority" of one's cases react in a certain way, it is less precise—not more—to convert this into, say, "82.5 per cent." And in this book most of the various scales and indexes are not used, and the few that are do not help the analysis.

A representative method of quantifying the volume's data is one "scale"—consisting of four assertions with which the respondent was asked to express agreement or disagreement—purportedly measuring "flattery." If he sought to ingratiate himself with the Americans conducting the survey by assenting to these "exaggeratedly favorable" (but, paradoxically, also "highly plausible") statements about Americans, then he might seek the same goal by giving an exaggeratedly negative picture of Soviet society. Unfortunately, this attempt to gauge the honesty of the responses was not successful. Very few of the respondents consistently answered in a way presumably designed to please their American questioner; variation in the "flattery" score probably reflected differences in education at

least as much as contrasting attitudes; and the authors found "no consistent, significant pattern of association" between it and attitudes expressed concerning the Soviet system. Other measures used in the book seem to me to be no more successful.

While the social-psychological trappings of the book can be accepted as an understandable, in part legitimate, professional emphasis, the political framework in which the data were analyzed is something else again. The interviews were made in 1950 and 1951, or before the death of Stalin, and the experiences the respondents recalled had taken place principally during the 1930's—the Stalinist era per se, the period of forced collectivization of agriculture and forced early industrialization. But the analysis of this past period was not the authors' prime purpose: "the great majority of our findings have more than historical interest, and are of considerable relevance for understanding the present and assessing the probable future developments of Soviet Society." I would say, on the contrary, that the book's rather optimistic prognosis derives whatever plausibility it has from the events since 1953, and the rather bleak life histories of the Stalinist period were reinterpreted so as to lead up to this conclusion. That is to say, the order of analysis is counter-chronological.

The final chapter of the book, entitled "The Future of Soviet Society," begins by rejecting two extreme positions, represented in the writings of Bertram Wolfe and Isaac Deutscher. The "Bertram Wolfe" that is paraphrased, who "holds modern totalitarianism as developed in the Soviet Union to be unchanged and unchanging," must be contrasted, however, with the real analyst of this name, who made the very important distinction between "within-system changes," of which there had been many, and "changes in the system," of which he could see none. Wolfe has contended, not that Soviet society is immutable, but that the Western intellectual has often tended to read too much into "planned changes, involuntary changes, even mere tactical maneuvers and verbal asseverations." In the by now famous paper he delivered at the 1957 Oxford conference, he carefully formulated his considered judgment as follows:

> Modern totalitarianism is one of those comparatively closed and conservative societies with a powerful and self-perpetuating institutional framework, calculated to assimilate the changes which it intends and those which are forced upon it, in such fashion that—barring explosion from within or battering down from without—the changes tend to be either inhibited or shaped and assimilated as within-system changes in a persistent system with built-in staying powers.

Inkeles and Bauer do not attempt to argue against this position, except in the sense of presenting it in the form of a patently absurd distortion.

What have been the most important post-Stalin changes in Soviet society? What can we conclude from them? Without going into detail, it is necessary to say that so far nothing has taken place that in my opinion challenges Wolfe's interpretation. The denunciation of Stalin at the Twentieth Congress, dramatic as it was, had a clear precedent in Stalin's more vehement rejection of Trotsky, Zinoviev, Bukharin, et al. The most significant revision of the "Stalinist" system, the marked reduction in forced labor, is undoubtedly based on the fact that for the time being the state is more troubled by manpower shortages than by mass political opposition. Whether a "decentralization" of the economy took place is a moot point,[2] but there was certainly no decentralization of the Party. The vaunted "collective leadership" following Stalin's death, like that following Lenin's death, proved to be transitory. The purge of Khrushchev's rivals has not developed into mass executions, but that also is still a "within-system" change. We can still say, with Brzezinski, that "totalitarianism needs the purge," which thus becomes a permanent but oscillating feature, "a constant balance between oppression and relaxation."[3] And every relaxation—the NEP, the benign aspect of Stalin's "new course," the war alliance—Western intellectuals have interpreted as the beginning of the end of the oppressive system.

That Inkeles and Bauer reject Deutscher's view, on the other hand, seems to me to be illogical, for they accept the main premises on which he based his prognosis that the trend of Soviet society is toward the establishment of full democracy. Inkeles and Bauer adopt a more cautious line (reminiscent of Professor Fainsod's paper at the same Oxford conference): Soviet society, they write, is "perhaps less totalitarian, less absolutist, even less dictatorial. It is no less autocratic and certainly not *more* democratic, in the sense of acknowledging the supremacy of law and individual rights." But consider the arguments that lead up to their conclusion:

a) The difference between the "Stalinist system" and the "new line" is fundamental, and the change is irreversible. "The terror is not likely to be applied again on a mass scale, at least not at home." (The last phrase,

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[2]See, for example, Roy D. Laird, "Decontrols or New Controls?" *Problems of Communism*, July-August 1957.

[3]Brzezinski, Zbigniew K., *The Permanent Purge* (Cambridge, Massachusetts: Harvard University Press, 1956), p. 168.

one assumes, is a memorial, though certainly an inadequate one, to those killed in the Hungarian blood bath.) "There is a widespread feeling" that Stalinist rule was a "terrible aberration," which "must not happen again."[4]

b) Indeed, there would seem to be no need for the recurrence of "Stalinism." Even among the relatively alienated émigrés analyzed in the book, according to its findings, Soviet indoctrination has had an important degree of success. Certain Soviet institutions, particularly police terror and collectivized agriculture, the respondents reject; but other features, as we have noted, they accept on principle, and often even in the terms that Soviet propaganda offers them. Apparently there is no generalized opposition—no belief, for example, that constitutional guarantees of individual liberties are important, nor even a vaguer democratic sentiment to which Western propaganda might successfully appeal. And if the Ukrainians surveyed are typical, nationalist opposition among the Soviet Union's minority peoples is also no more than a potential threat to the regime's stability. While the Ukrainian émigrés reacted as one might expect to nationalist symbols when these were specified in a question, in their responses to general queries on conditions of life or causes of disaffection they seldom spontaneously mentioned the Great Russian overlord.

c) The success of the state monopoly in communications is particularly evident when the authors contrast the attitudes of various age groups. Those old enough to remember the years before 1917 are more likely to reflect this perspective in their reactions to Soviet institutions. But "the overwhelming majority of Soviet youth initially are supporters of the regime." And when they turn against it, this act is generally linked with some event that impinged directly on themselves. Such events were fairly frequent in the lives of these respondents; for example, 399 had been arrested, 1,111 had seen a member of their immediate family arrested, and only 261 had not had either type of direct contact with the state police.

d) This political acquiescence is reinforced in the economic sphere. "It is obvious that to manipulate the Soviet population the regime will be less effective if it uses force or coercion than if it juggles opportunities and rewards in the form of occupational advancement and other tangible and

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[4]This "widespread feeling" is not shared by Khrushchev, at least if we judge by the new Party history that has now replaced the *Short Course* as the most authoritative concise statement of the Party's past and intended future. In this Stalin has been demoted, but certainly not totally rejected. See Leopold Labedz, "Khrushchev's New Party History," *New Leader*, October 12, 1959.

intangible goods." Presumably more of a pragmatist than an ideologue, Khrushchev chooses the cheaper, more efficient means of controlling the Soviet population.

In short, if the terror has disappeared permanently, and if the support of the regime initiated by the propaganda machine is now buttressed by a greater supply of consumers goods (as well as the "fringe benefits and other inducements to good labor relations" on which there has been so much "stress" in the Soviet Union recently), then a valid democratic system would merely give the populace the opportunity to express the approbation that it feels. Would the pragmatist Khrushchev oppose so cheap, so easy a solution to the problem of social control? Deutscher says No; Inkeles and Bauer say Yes, but in terms of their analysis it is difficult to see why this should be so. They deny that the Soviet system will return to "Stalinism"; they do not believe that it will evolve toward democracy. Yet they insist that it is a dynamic system, moving in some direction; and that those who do not recognize the "real" changes that have taken place are too "rigid."

From the same data that Inkeles and Bauer use to support their prognosis, one could arrive at quite contrary conclusions. If the vast majority of the population of the Soviet Union accepts certain of the Party's stated goals, this is in part, as the authors put it, a "source of support" to the system. The repeated failure of the Party to realize these goals, however, is also a prime source of hostility. So long as the promissory note offered in the ideology remains so huge, the disparity between it and actuality must remain great enough to be obvious to all. One could go farther and suggest (as Sidney Hook has done in a number of articles) that Western propaganda would be much more effective if it emphasized this contrast between Soviet ideology and Soviet reality, rather than concentrating on the differences between the Soviet Union and the West.

It is true that in some important respects the disparity between ideology and actuality has recently become smaller in the Soviet Union. But it is also true that the Soviet "citizen's" level of aspiration is rapidly rising. If we accept Inkeles and Bauer's thesis that Russia's "attitudes, values, and life patterns" have tended toward a "consumption ethic" that is "almost as strong in the Soviet Union as it is in the United States," it does not follow necessarily that the political control of such a population will steadily become easier. On the contrary, the higher expectations may generate increasingly greater demands on the economy and the regime. Social protest of any dimension, whether a revolution or a trade union movement, is the typical behavior of a people or a social class whose standard of living is rising, not of one whose condition is and remains

bad. If this historical precedent correctly predicts the future of the Soviet people, one can well imagine that the butcher of the Ukraine, the butcher of Hungary, will find the means of reimposing the controls necessary to keep the Party in total power.

In their political analysis Inkeles and Bauer offer a prognosis that I find illogical and highly unlikely. In their sociological framework they go farther: they suggest that the prior contrast between Soviet and American societies is all but disappearing. Both are "large-scale industrial societies," and the authors attempt to show that despite marked differences in history, culture, and political institutions, "there is an extraordinarily close correspondence between the pattern of experience and attitudes of Soviet citizens and their [American] counterparts on the same level of education or occupation."

This crude economic determinism, which indeed will "come as a great surprise to many," has a certain initial plausibility. During Stalin's time, Soviet society was analyzed almost always as a political entity, and among democrats Russia was typically seen as a land of people in chains. Thus, to a present-day visitor, as Irving Levine remarks in his *Main Street USSR,* "the sights and sounds of people hurrying on their errands, a boy and a girl holding hands on a park bench, a mother comforting a crying baby, look and listen like home in an unfamiliar setting." Similarly, such chapter headings in Inkeles and Bauer's book as "Making a Living," "Getting an Education," "Keeping Up with the News," "Patterns of Family Life," even "The Nationality Problem," remind us that certain institutions are to be found in every human society. The authors stress the point by passing lightly over the specific features of Soviet society (there are no chapters, and not even many paragraphs, on collectivized agriculture or the secret police or the forced-labor camps[5]) and by emphasizing the similarities with Western societies that derive from the industrial economy. They write, moreover—

> It is our considered opinion that with the further progress of time the relative importance of the previously distinctive features of the Soviet occupational setting will decline, and the importance of the more general characteristics of modern industrial society will become more important. This may have major consequences for the whole tone of occupational life in the Soviet Union, and hence for the social system at large.

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[5]The chapter on the Party, which has a markedly different tone from the rest of the book, was written by David B. Gleicher.

The similarities between Soviet and American societies are argued for, however, largely by a terminological sleight of hand, which begins in the book's very title. Is "citizen" really the best word in the dictionary to denote a person guaranteed no civil rights, with no say in the policies of the state that controls every sphere of his life? There is "a fundamental distinction in meaning," according to Webster's *New International Dictionary*, between this word and a near-synonym. "*Subject* implies a master or lord to whom the subject owes a personal allegiance; *citizen* does not, but implies membership of, and the tie of loyalty to, a state, with the reciprocal right to the enjoyment of the privileges and protection flowing from these. A citizen as such is entitled to the protection of life, liberty, and property." Neither word, actually, fits the inhabitants of the totalitarian state of the twentieth century; but it would avoid confusion to distinguish them terminologically from those living in democracies. The institutions discussed in virtually every chapter of this book, on the contrary, are identified with their American counterparts by inculcating just this kind of confusion. For example:

Higher education in the Soviet Union means training in subservience to the state and in skills useful to the state; in the liberal education of the West, the student's home values, his religion, his patriotism, are challenged and sometimes (particularly in the 1930's) overthrown. We designate both institutions a "university," but that does not mean that they are the same, or even similar, particularly in the context of a work on people's attitudes.

When Inkeles and Bauer speak of the "homogenization" of the two societies, this term glosses over the fact that in the one case it means *democratization* and in the other case *Gleichschaltung*.

"Social mobility" is the proudest feature of America's democratic society; what is it in the Soviet Union? "As our respondents often realized," Inkeles and Bauer tell us, "it was very difficult to pursue achievement goals within the framework of Soviet society without participating in, and implicitly supporting, the regime's effort to rebuild the society along Communist lines."

The term "social class," as it is used to analyze Western societies, means either one's relation to the means of production or (for W. Lloyd Warner and his associates) one's rank on a prestige scale. In either case, political power is seen as the dependent variable, derivative from one's position in the economy or in society. In the Soviet Union, on the contrary, everything else depends on one's relation to the state. "By the late thirties," we are told in this book, "the Soviet Union had a social class structure which in its broad outlines, was very much like that in the

other major industrial countries of Europe and America." Basically the social structure of Soviet society of that period, however, consisted in three classes: the roughly three per cent of the population who belonged to the Party, the two (or perhaps three) times as many forced laborers, and the intermediate mass of free non-Party people. The important fact is that nothing comparable exists in the Western democracies, not that certain parallels can be drawn between occupational groups in the two types of society. And even these certain parallels are strained, for as the authors themselves point out in another context, "The shortages of housing, food, and clothing [were] so drastic [in the Soviet Union of this period] that the main struggle was somehow to fight oneself up to a *minimum* standard of living."

Urbanization has proceeded apace in both the United States and the Soviet Union, but are even these "cities" the same type of aggregation? In an ordered table of Soviet cities with a threefold or greater increase during the intercensal period 1926-39, the one heading the list, the "city" that had grown most rapidly, was—Karaganda, the site of a notorious forced-labor complex.[6]

In commenting on an analysis that passes over such distinctions, it is necessary to redress the balance and insist on the obvious: In the Soviet Union, neither the economy nor the social structure is dominant, but the Party.

To neglect this fundamental is to falsify. Because in a totalitarian society—to quote what the authors term "a schematized view"—there is a "*total* subordination of the individual and institutions to the purposes of the state," one cannot legitimately lift out of its political setting the "citizen," the family, the factory, the newspaper, the school, the social class, and hope to arrive at new "sociological" truths that will supplement those of the political scientist. This is just what Inkeles and Bauer have tried to do.

Yet in some senses "large-scale industrial societies" do constitute a distinct category. Every time we use that common phrase, an "underdeveloped area," we imply a contrast with a developed—that is, an industrial—society. The United States and the Soviet Union can for some purposes be grouped together and contrasted with, say, Communist China and India. Moreover, the technology and national economies that make industrial societies great powers are not merely tools; they also affect the

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[6]Lorimer, Frank, *The Population of the Soviet Union: History and Prospects* (Geneva: League of Nations, 1946), p. 148.

cultures and the social structures. To analyze this complex interaction, however, demands a subtle control of one's data.

There is a book in which, in my opinion, the similarities and differences between Soviet and Western industrial societies are brilliantly analyzed—Bendix's *Work and Authority in Industry*.[7] In a number of key respects, this differs markedly from *The Soviet Citizen*. It is short on attitude scales but rich in historical detail. Rather than the full panorama of social institutions, it concentrates on tracing the development of the crucial relation common to industrial societies, that between industrial managers and industrial workers. It does so, moreover, against the background of the relevant political history, both in the West (nineteenth-century England and present-day United States) and the East (Tsarist Russia and East Germany). Perhaps most fundamentally, it emphasizes the importance in a sociological analysis of ideas, of values, of goals; and consequently it does not confuse superficially similar institutions with quite different functions.

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[7]Bendix, Reinhard, *Work and Authority in Industry: Ideologies of Management in the Course of Industrialization* (New York: Wiley, 1956).

Portrait of the Artist as a Man

James Joyce. By Richard Ellman. Oxford University Press, 1959. $12.50.

My Brother's Keeper: James Joyce's Early Years. By Stanislaus Joyce, Edited by Richard Ellman. Viking Press, 1958. $5.00.

Professor Ellman of Northwestern University spent the greater part of twelve years writing his biography of James Joyce. The long list of acknowledgements shows his time was not wasted. In addition to relatives and intimates of Joyce, it names persons whose dealings with Joyce were brief, casual, or official, like Robert Murphy of the State Department who did no more than give Joyce a visa for escape from occupied France. Since some of Joyce's friends and relatives were as mercurial as Joyce himself, Ellman appears to have exercised as much tact as assiduity in gathering material through their co-operation. It is unlikely that any further Joyce material of significance will turn up. Whatever comments are made of Ellman's work cannot include charges that he missed facts or misused them.

Ellman's work, then, is definitive in this second, equally important

respect, his capacity to interpret facts without prejudice and distortion. True, he did not have to put up with the living Joyce's insistence upon showing his father's more amiable qualities alone, which corrupted Gorman's pioneer biography. For it may be said that the ten years Gorman devoted to his work were chiefly spent getting Joyce to be reasonable about his use of the material he allowed him access to. Furthermore, I surmise from the fact that Ellman worked closely with Stanislaus Joyce and edited for publication Stanislaus' recollections before bringing out his own book, that he thus conciliated any resentment the brother closest to Joyce might have felt. For if Joyce depended on any man as helplessly and as demandingly as he did on his wife, Nora, it was Stanislaus: that is, until *Ulysses* was taking shape, when for a variety of reasons they grew apart. But Joyce used all relationships, except that with his wife, in the same way. After getting everything he could out of them, he would break his dependence with surly self-righteousness and repeat the process with new ones. About the only exception was Harriet Weaver who was for many years the only consistent financial support Joyce had. But Miss Weaver was extraordinarily self-effacing. It was hard to be annoyed with her, not only because she was timid in her comments on his work, but because their friendship was almost completely by mail. Joyce could hardly use her to do his typing, to look for a new flat, to listen admiringly to his playing with word combinations, to sit long hours or short at cafés, depending upon his mood, to take him home or keep him out of fights when he was drunk—all of which is perhaps summed up in the anecdote from his brief friendship with Hemingway: when a stranger threatened a fight at some belligerent remark of Joyce's, "Go after him, Hemingway," he encouraged. As a compensation for the hectic devotion Joyce compelled, those who stayed longer and closer than Hemingway must have got a lot of fun, too, from the unexpected rising of wit as well as crisis, and since many of them had more literary interest than talent, a sense too of reward whenever Joyce improved upon some suggestion of theirs for his novel.

Moreover, Joyce's friends sensed the compensation of genius beneath the disorder and the drunkenness, the irascibility and the fickleness. Even Nora, who was scarcely more literate than Baudelaire's wife, registered it in her own way when, after his death, she was asked her opinion of Gide, and answered: "Sure, if you've been married to the greatest writer in the world, you don't remember all the little fellows." What impressed them all in his "genius" was not merely his mastery of the verbal phrase or any other technical brilliance. It was his humaneness, his capacity to sense the good behind the bad in man, to understand and to love him as a creature

struggling against odds to fulfill his destiny of being a man. Only a few of the world's greatest writers have possessed this quality: O'Casey but not O'Neill, Tolstoi but not Dostoievsky, Shakespeare but not Ibsen. Malraux, like others who strain for it, dissolves concreteness of characterization into mysticism (as indeed Joyce himself tends to do, after *Ulysses*, in *Finnegans Wake*). Sometimes writers who achieve it are called "Olympian." But the term is misleading. For it is an immanent rather than a transcendent quality. Such writers are not superior to suffering and weakness through understanding alone. Nor are they overwhelmed by these degenerative aspects of human nature. They know they share them, but they know also that they are only part of the whole, and it is the whole man that they know, not through analysis of him, but through the intensity of direct experience. Such writers must exist more truly and more fully in their work than in their lives, not because of any decadence native to genius (as Lombroso thought), but because neither they nor anyone else could possibly live the full gamut of their comprehension. Essentially, therefore, they turn to their creative work, not to escape limitation and responsibility, but because only there can they live the whole range of their insight. Nevertheless, it remains true that friends have to live with the man and not his novel, with his frailties more than with his insight, and Joyce's frailties were conspicuous and inescapable. His wife and many of his friends could sense this deeper self in Joyce; wherefore they could be tolerant and endure much. But one does not have to be an expert in psychology to know that resentments suppressed in daily contacts could not be suppressed in any biography they might write.

Ellman had the advantage of more than his sympathy and fascination for his subject. He had the advantage of the information without the intimacy. He had never been humiliated or brow-beaten or rejected in the manifold unexpected ways of which Joyce was capable. Brother Stanislaus was aware of his dilemma when he wrote his recollections. They are a monument to his stern, unsuccessful attempt to be fair in the face of his sibling rivalry. But the facts are muted, and hence Joyce's personality was somewhat distorted, by Stanislaus' respectability. He could not bring himself to present in full frankness the defiance and the crudity. At the same time, his own egotism approached his brother's in intensity, so that his book was impelled more by the need to justify himself than to present Jim's greatness to the world. You may imagine his saying: Jim only used me to borrow money or to raise it for him, but in reality I had a considerable influence over his creative development. I too am possessed of cultural insights, know my Italian idioms, and can admire D'Annunzio as well.

Stanislaus' attitude is summed up in the fact, about which he grows rather grim, that he did provide the title of *Chamber Music*, and he doggedly continued to admire the book long after the author himself had recognized its second-rate quality. Ellman shows something like gallantry in leaving the stage to Stanislaus as much as he can for these early years and making this part of his own book supplementary. He does not repeat nonessential detail but strives rather to give a better rounded and less distorted portrait of the artist as a young man. Ellman's freedom from intimacy enables him to handle all the material with similar tact and conscientiousness. The result is one of the enduring biographies of cultural history. It limits itself to a presentation of the man and carefully foregoes any irrelevant excursions into interpretation of his work. There is, to be sure, a chapter on the Dublin originals of the characters in *Ulysses*, but it is justified by its primary use to further elucidate the personalities of Joyce and his friends. In the course of it, however, Ellman oversteps these bounds and ventures to reinforce the accepted interpretation of Molly Bloom as a woman who was congenial to the author and whose final affirmation should be taken as a genuinely optimistic acceptance of life. In my opinion, Joyce could never free himself from his early Jesuit training and his early experiences with prostitutes. To Joyce, the sexual act was a necessary and sadistic alleviation of tension, producing erotic satisfaction; it was not an experience of the mutuality of love as psychology now defines it. Joyce's "sympathy" in *Ulysses* was for Bloom, not his wife. In *Finnegan*, his attitude is reversed; his hero is incontestibly sadistic in his sexual relations with his wife, but Joyce can have the tenderest admiration for Anna Livia when he thinks of her as mother, one ingredient of which is his sympathy for her when she is abused as spouse (an abuse which is the necessary preliminary of mortification before she can emerge as the saintly agent of pure love in her relation to her children). The bounds of biography having been thus discreetly set, Ellman succeeds in drawing a portrait of Joyce as rich in detail and as convincingly dynamic as Joyce himself achieved, with a different method, in the character of Bloom. In *Ulysses* the seamy side of Bloom (which we all carry around with us) sinks to its proper evaluation (as it does for most of us) and we recognize in this discordant complexity man's struggle against odds to be human, to fulfill himself as a social being. In Ellman's biography we see the same struggle going on in Bloom's creator, the love crippled by the hatred born of a disillusioned idealism, the initiative paralyzed by the fear, except in the removed area of writing, the demand to achieve the good, so abjectly unfulfilled in life, struggling for fulfillment on the level of art. As with Proust, art was

an attempt at survival. But in Joyce it was also a positive struggle for personal salvation.

It goes without saying that the life of such a man would make a fascinating case history for a psychologist. The insecurity and suspiciousness which haunted Joyce during his entire life seems to trace back to some profound lack of maternal protectiveness in his earliest years. He fled thunderstorms if possible and even the places where he felt lightning might strike if there were a storm. When he was caught in one, he regressed to the global, helpless, traumatic terror that is found only in seriously disturbed infants. It may well be that his refusal to pray for his dying mother was not only a stubborn adherence to his rejection of religion, but on a deeper level a revenge for these early traumatic years. Yet at the same time the fact that he did not become a confirmed alcoholic until after her death seems to imply some stabilizing dependency, however symbiotic. Superficially, peer influences early introduced defenses against this basic anxiety and later on the translation of his father into a peer, at times a pal. One wishes we knew the talk that went on and the actions not reported on those important, if not frequent, trips the two took together. To come close to the father was to be freed by example from one possible source of insecurity, a respect for practical responsibility, and to be reinforced in the use of alcohol as a device for reducing tension. A father who had so much influence on his son's ideas and social orientation must have had an equally potent emotional impact. And the father reciprocated by loving his eldest son before all the others of his large family and by believing in the son's genius as an act of blind faith in what he could not understand. It is useless to speculate how much support Joyce got both from his father's faith and his frailties. If to repeat his father's frailties with wine and women may have reduced his own guilt, he hardly needed his father's faith to reinforce his belief in himself as a writer. His belief in his genius was as early as puberty and remained obsessive in the face of every failure to be recognized until recognition finally confirmed it.

But the most effective stabilizing influence became his wife, who differed from his patient, passive mother in showing a limit to her patience. She was the perfect wife for an alcoholic, never intervening too early or too late in dragging him home from the too merry party. Like his father, she supported his genius by blind faith. She accepted with almost bovine placidity the constant change of residence, the constant need to get hold of money, the frequent rejection of friendships, even her husband's inability to love. Her reward was rather his child-like dependency. For, like Proust, Joyce never "loved" so hysterically as when his

wife was away on some infrequent trip. Then he wrote hectic letters betraying his helpless dependence and, what is worse, his suspiciousness of her possible spiritual infidelity.

Alcohol, marriage, belief in his genius formed a flexible, dynamic structure to keep his neuroses under control. But there was a fourth: the structure, the philosophy of the writing itself. For there is another interest besides the literary in the technical changes in Joyce's writing from *Dubliners* through *Ulysses* to the final *Finnegans Wake*. Psychologically these changes denote the increased difficulty every seriously disturbed person faces with the passage of time. More and more elaborate defense mechanisms become necessary. The normal manner of expression in *Dubliners* gives way to the method of interior monologue and finally to what the malicious inaccurately call the "word salad" of the final book. Each shift measures a growing remoteness from genuine interpersonal relations until in *Finnegan* people no longer exist as dynamic wholes; all the stupendous, fascinating analogies and correspondences cannot conceal the fact that individuals have, in psychiatric language, become "fragmented." The whole process resembles schizophrenic degeneration, and yet it is not because there is no characteristic schizophrenic illogic. Joyce has, on the contrary, used normal logic to bring into existence a positively heroic ultimate of individualism. Rejecting normal relationships almost completely, he substitutes the creation of his own individual language. I doubt if there has been another example of similar inventiveness in the history of literature, nor is there likely to be a second author whose grandiosity would force the reading world so completely to his feet; for the reader of *Finnegan* is forced by the mere necessity of comprehension into an alienation from the world of actuality; the reading of *Finnegan* becomes a cult, analogous to a monastic order, concerned not with heaven, but with dreams.

It is a far cry from the period of *Dubliners* when Joyce was still some sort of socialist. Then contemporary influences, the rise of Sinn Fein, perhaps even the socialism of Shaw, had tended to crystalize the inheritance of his father's disillusioned dependence upon the program of Parnell in a more positive direction. He quarrelled with the conservative, conventional Stanislaus on this issue in 1905, the period when he was working on *Dubliners*, writing, "It is a mistake for you to imagine that my political opinions are those of a universal lover, but they are those of a socialist artist." Ellman comments: "Socialism has rarely been defended so tortuously." And perhaps it was the tortuousness of the approach that induced the growing indifference. But it nevertheless remains true that Joyce's indifference to the issues in World War I was not owing

solely to an absoption in art. It was also due to his socialist recognition that the war was a capitalist controversy in which the welfare of mankind was scarcely an issue. Furthermore, Joyce's pacifism was not merely the reaction of a physical coward. It was a rejection of the sadistic retaliation he feared in himself, and had perceived in the British suppression of Irish liberties.

The turn from socialism was, chronologically at least, a turn from the normal mode of communication in *Dubliners* to a more alienated technique. The heat with which he rejected any insinuation that he had been influenced by Freud and his own neighbor Jung in Zurich (to whom he had sent his daughter in a spasm of desperation as she sank into hopeless insanity) for so independent a man almost proves the influence. He could stand being influenced by a minor author like Du Jardin; just as there was no offense to his pride in borrowing the structure of *Finnegan* from the long since dead Vico. Vico too must have placated any guilt he felt at his helplessness in the face of practical necessity. Men are all, he felt, absorbed like Shawn and Shem in daily competitiveness, and fail to recognize it is all the shadow-boxing of puppets as society moves relentlessly through its eternal cycles of growth and decay. He remained able to laugh at the process, whereas Proust's experiential belief that life is a progressive personal disillusionment plunged him into morbidity and death. Proust secured artistic form by forestalling death in the act of delineating its course. For Joyce the situation was scarcely less tragic. Having presented the alienation of man from Vico's insight into the social reality and from any genuine relatedness to his fellow men, Joyce's personal dream was ended. He stood face to face with his own isolation. Nora no longer seems to have been needed or to have meant much to him. His daughter was alienated in a mental hospital. He tried in vain to discover the salvation of another literary theme. It took him two years after *Finnegan* to drink himself, behind his wife's back, indifferent to his doctor's recommendations, into the final explosion of a duodenal ulcer. The struggle was ended to conquer the world by writing when he could not master it in living.

—Edwin Berry Burgum

More Literary Biography

The Third Rose: Gertrude Stein and Her World. By John Malcolm Brinnin. Little, Brown and Company, 1959. $6.00.

The West-Going Heart: A Life of Vachel Lindsay. By Eleanor Ruggles. W. W. Norton and Company, 1959. $5.95.

Act One: An Autobiography. By Moss Hart. Random House, 1959. $5.00.

By a curious happenstance, three sharply contrasted views of the American writer at work have been published within a few weeks of one another—biographical studies of Gertrude Stein and Vachel Lindsay, both figures of the recent past, and the autobiography of Moss Hart, a contemporary. It would be difficult to find three more dissimilar human beings, or three writers whose aims and careers show more divergence. Gertrude Stein was for most of her life an expatriate, living in Paris and working with a dogged persistence at books that were largely unread. Vachel Lindsay was a product of the Middle West, a grass-roots mystic and wandering troubadour, who gave some fifteen years of his life to the public reading platform and died a suicide. Moss Hart, younger than the others, is a dramatist of the New York theater, a man who may be said to have grown up on Broadway and whose list of works reads like a roll call of Broadway hits. The three books in which the lives of these American writers are presented are all informative, highly readable, and notable works. Taken together, they afford a glimpse of the breadth and variety of the American literary scene, as well as some insight into the problems of the creative personality.

Of the three, Gertrude Stein was the slowest to achieve fame. Her reputation, as John Brinnin points out in his introduction, was a paradoxical one: "In her lifetime a general public would not take her seriously at all, while an intellectual public took her all too seriously." *The Third Rose: Gertrude Stein and Her World* tells the story of her life, an uneventful one, by and large, traces her development as an artist, and provides a picture of her world—the colorful art world of Paris in the early years of the present century. The book is based on research skillfully and urbanely presented, and corrects many errors and misconceptions concerning her life and work, for some of which she was herself responsible. There is much new material about the Stein family and its German-Jewish origins, the years at Radcliffe and the Johns Hopkins Medical

School, and the establishment of the famous menage at 27 Rue de Fleurus. What emerges is a picture of an extraordinary woman, initially uncertain about what to do with her life, who turned to psychology, to medicine, to collecting paintings, and eventually, at the age of twenty-nine, began to write. Her first novel, unpublished until after her death, was a conventional piece of fiction of which she herself had no very high opinion. Only later, after an apprenticeship spent in translating Flaubert, did she develop the characteristic manner for which she is known, at first tentatively in the story "Melanctha" in *Three Lives,* later in the full flower of its repetitiousness in *The Making of Americans.* From this point on, as the author shows, a driving desire to write, a determination to be recognized, and a massive confidence in her own creative powers were characteristic of her.

Mr. Brinnin's portrait in *The Third Rose* is an honest and balanced one. Gertrude Stein was strong-willed, domineering, monumentally egotistic ("slowly I was knowing that I was a genius"), but also capable of warm friendship, generosity, and great charm. She had a weakness for adulation, and she was vindictive when her work was attacked, but there was something almost heroic in her resolute devotion to her writing and in her will to be heard. We learn much of her life with Alice B. Toklas, and of her peculiar relationship with her brother Leo, that frustrated artist and tireless talker whose story is woven into the book like a dissonant obbligato to the main theme. At first submissive under Leo's tutelage, particularly with regard to modern painting, she finally broke with him and went her own way. In her later years, after the publication of *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas* and her triumphal American tour of 1934, she found herself internationally known. Thus at the age of sixty she gained the recognition she had sought all her life, although her books were still talked about rather than read, and remain so today.

It is this last fact that challenges speculation. Why did she write as she did, and will her more idiosyncratic books ever be read? The answers range from ardent defenses of her work as an experiment in literary form and language to the suggestion by one of her critics that she wrote as the result of "a pathological quirk." Although literary criticism is not the avowed purpose of Mr. Brinnin, he devotes considerable space to an analysis of Gertrude Stein's aims and methods. He makes clear—what is not always recognized—that the "Stein style" is more than one style, that there is change, growth, development from the modified naturalism of *Three Lives* to the impenetrable opaqueness of the *Portraits* and *Tender Buttons.* He dismisses both B. F. Skinner's explanation of her work as "automatic writing" and Edmund Wilson's identification of her with

French symbolism, but finds in common with Donald Sutherland and other critics of Miss Stein the origins of her peculiar manner in the psychology of her one-time teacher, William James, and in the paintings of the Paris cubists. The attribution to James's influence of her use of the "continuous present" in her fiction is documented by quotations from James's writings and seems essentially sound. The influence of cubist painting is more difficult to establish. Actually, the attribution is based on an analogy between the cubists' use of color and unrelated objects, and Miss Stein's use of language. In Mr. Brinnin's words, she sought "the verbal equivalent of collage." Her own description of her aim in *Tender Buttons*—that she attempted to express "the rhythm of the visible world" —is not likely to aid the reader. Yet whether or not her aim was to compose the equivalent of a cubist painting in words is immaterial; the important thing is that the result was unread and pretty much unreadable, and this Mr. Brinnin concedes by characterizing her experiment as "a great and resonant error." Despite his affection and admiration for her as woman and artist, it becomes apparent that he, like most of her readers, prefers the more conventional works. In the end, then, we are faced with the irony of a writer determined to find an audience who, save for a few books such as *Three Lives* and the *Autobiography*, cut herself off from one.

If Gertrude Stein as expatriate experimentalist stands at one end of the spectrum of modern American literary expression, Vachel Lindsay, whose aim was a popular poetry, a true poetry of the people, stands at the other. Interest in Lindsay has declined in our time, yet Eleanor Ruggles' *The West-Going Heart: A Life of Vachel Lindsay* is the third biographical study to be published since his death in 1931. The essential contribution of her book is its completeness. Miss Ruggles has had access to all of the family papers, including Lindsay's voluminous diaries and correspondence, as well as the advantage of being in the confidence of all members of the family. She is able to fill in many of the gaps in Edgar Lee Masters' earlier biography and correct his version of certain incidents in Lindsay's career. In particular she has been allowed to reveal the fact that Lindsay suffered from epilepsy, a fact which should not be permitted to account for his poetry but which does explain much about his life. The result is the first fully developed picture of the life of one of the most highly individual of American poets.

The story that Miss Ruggles has to tell is a story of the rise and fall of a man and his reputation. Born into a family of mingled Northern and Southern origins that could trace its ancestry back to pioneer stock on both sides, he was emphatically American. His family in Springfield,

Illinois, was markedly religious, his mother being a religious leader in the community, but there was also a strong strain of Midwestern social and political idealism in the home atmosphere which took deep root in the child and flowered in his later poetry. He was a hero-worshipper from the start. Like Miss Stein, he was in his youth uncertain of his vocation. At his family's behest he studied medicine, and failed. Allowed later to follow his own inclinations, he studied art in Chicago and New York, and again failed. He wrote much poetry and prose—some of it based upon visions, what he called "pictures in the air"—which he published himself, his family paying the bills. For years he seemed utterly unable to hold any kind of job or make his way in the world. Meanwhile he pursued such quixotic schemes as peddling his poems for a penny apiece in New York, and took long tramps south and west in America to preach what he called his "gospel of beauty," an evangelistic concept which subsumed elements of religion, art, democracy and civic idealism, and a love of America and the American past.

One dominant idea he possessed among the shifting, often confused, ideals and dreams that he recorded endlessly in his diaries—the poet should "lay hold of the people." At a time in the history of American literature when Ezra Pound was writing "no art ever yet grew by looking into the eyes of the public," and colonies of American expatriates were growing in Europe, it occurred to Lindsay that poems appealing to the masses might be written in "brass-band style," that is, poems might be set to the rousing rhythms of gospel hymns and popular songs. In the summer of 1912, at the age of thirty-three, he wrote "General William Booth Enters into Heaven" and immediately discovered his audience and his career. By 1919, after adding "The Congo" and similar poems with a hammer beat to his repertoire, he was the most popular platform artist in America.

Already, however, there were ominous signs. He tired of the constant travelling and public appearances, an inner conflict between writing and reciting disturbed him deeply, and he began to suspect that his audiences regarded what he called his "higher vaudeville" as a stunt rather than poetry. The last third of Miss Ruggles' book is a sympathetic portrayal of Lindsay's disintegration. Weariness, illness, mental retrogression, and a failure of the creative imagination gradually wore down his buoyancy and courage. There were no more visions, fewer strong, resonant rhythms pounded through his blood and nerves. The death of his mother was a further blow, and while a late marriage and parenthood sustained him for a time, in the end he took his own life.

In a brief foreword, Miss Ruggles raises the question of the enduring

quality of Lindsay's poetry and leaves the decision to time, yet it is not likely that his name and certain of his poems will be forgotten. The ideal of a genuinely popular poetry such as Lindsay espoused has had a long history in America, but though the weight of evidence has been largely against it, the best of Lindsay's poems in "brass-band style" do approach the ideal. Recited from platforms all over America, they had astonishing drawing power. Today, despite changes in taste, they have won a place in most textbooks and anthologies, along with "Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight." The remainder of his work, which he himself ranked higher, has had few adherents, and there are at present no signs of a revival of interest in it.

By contrast with the uncertainty of purpose and the long years of waiting for recognition endured by Lindsay and Gertrude Stein, the career of Moss Hart seems a marvel of singleness of purpose and swift achievement. His autobiography, *Act One,* opens with the picture of a boy of twelve turning the pages of *Theatre Magazine* in the year 1916. It ends with a young man of twenty-six drawing an advance of five hundred dollars the morning after his comedy, *Once in a Lifetime,* has proved itself an unmistakable Broadway hit. The years between are years of struggle and strenuous effort, but there is only one aim. "I knew what I wanted, and why," he tells us; his goal was Broadway and the theater, his goad the poverty of a boyhood in the Bronx and Brooklyn.

The book is brisk, lively, and fast-paced. The author is superbly frank and honest about himself and the theater, which he calls "a jungle profession," its people "a race of fanatics," but which he also suggests is a world that is "the refuge for the unhappy child." It seems to have been so in his own case, and he moved toward it unerringly. Forced to leave school at the end of the seventh grade, he became successively an office boy in a theatrical agency, the author at eighteen of a play that flopped dismally in its try-out, an actor, a director of little theaters, and a social director on the Borscht Circuit. During these years of absorbing theater at every pore, he wrote six plays, all of them serious dramas which failed of acceptance. Finally, at the suggestion of others, he turned to comedy and found his metier. The latter half of the book is the story of the collaboration of Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman on *Once in a Lifetime.* The original version of this famous satiric comedy on the foibles of Hollywood was by Moss Hart. Mr. Kaufman was called in to assist in a rewriting. After months of hard work the play had twice failed in widely separated try-outs, and Kaufman was ready to give up. Only then, climactically and triumphantly, did the necessary and final change occur to Hart which turned a failure into a hit.

Thus in his turn Moss Hart had found his audience, in a world of crowds, glaring lights, and hard cash. The very incidents that provide the excitement and suspense of his story—the constant revision and search for a means to make the play "go"—are revelatory of the pressures upon the popular dramatist who must appeal to a wide audience if he wishes the material rewards of success. Moss Hart, who once as a novice thought chiefly in terms of O'Neill and Shaw, has no regrets and is guilty of no heroics. Quite simply he states his belief that more often than not the creative impulse is sparked by "the siren enticements of worldly pleasures and rewards." As he tells his story, the demands of show business are clearly revealed, as are its rewards for the successful, with, of course, the inevitable concomitant that the writer forfeits a measure of his creative freedom.

University of Michigan A. L. Bader

Hollywood, Japan

The Japanese Film: Art and Industry. By Joseph L. Anderson and Donald Richie. Charles E. Tuttle Co., 1959. $7.50.

This is far and away the best book on the Japanese film in English (or in French, for that matter). The design, conceptual grasp, and the factual content—solid, shrewd, rich, carefully substantiated, often amusing and always colorful—make it a valuable reference book for the student in mass communications and indispensable for libraries.

In many respects, *The Japanese Film* is reminiscent of *The Rise of the American Film* by Lewis Jacobs, which, twenty years after its publication, still remains the most precious tool for the general reader in the movie field because it ties together the historical background of the American film, the anatomy of the industry, the rise and evolution of cinematic genres, the meaningful contribution of great directors, and, of course, the impact of "the star system."

The Japanese Film does all of that: some times not as well; at other times, better. It is more comprehensive, perhaps, in its grasp of the historical and social currents which shape motion picture art, and this is the more unusual because the book deals with a civilization which is still virtually unknown to what is called "the West." Surely, since the Gon-

court brothers dealt with *"le Japonisme"* and since Lafcadio Hearn and Pierre Loti helped to shape our popular conception of Japan, much objective material has appeared for the specialist. The ordinary moviegoer and most of the critics still see the country in stereotypes, much as that poor goose, Emma Bovary, saw all distant parts: places where people "palpitate in costume."

This is the gently rueful feeling of Akira Kurosawa, who writes the preface to this book. As the reader knows, Kurosawa, the director of *Rashomon,* was the first to compel the general public to consider the stature and dimension of the Japanese film. The unanimous acclaim which came to him in 1951 was the sort that any artist appreciates. He reminds us, however:

> At the time I would have been still happier, and the prize would have had more meaning, if I had made and been honored for something showing as much of present-day Japan as *The Bicycle Thief* showed of modern Italy. And today I feel the same as I did then, because Japan produces contemporary-life films of the caliber of the De Sica picture at the same time that it produces those period films, exceptional and otherwise, that, in large part, are all the West has seen and continues to see of the Japanese cinema.
>
> For this reason, I am pleased to be writing the foreword for this book, the first full study to appear in any foreign language . . . . Such a book is needed, if only to correct the foreign impression that the Japanese film is merely technicolored exoticism.

It is this awareness of contemporary Japan and its disconcertingly sweeping gyrations that the authors reveal at every turn, even when the film tries to escape into the past. They are eminently equipped to do that: by reason of their long residence and numerous ties in Japan; their knowledge of the politics, economics, history, customs of the country; their painstaking study of the medium itself (they examined, closely, during the preparation of the book, some five hundred feature shows); above all, by their technical competence. Mr. Anderson, in particular, has made many films, both Japanese and American; and though that is not an indispensable requisite to good film analysis—any more than meeting a payroll is to a good economist or to a public administrator—it certainly helps.

The American reader, and particularly the historian, is bound to be especially interested in the points at which we touch the Japanese. (The obverse is seldom true; the influence of the Japanese film on American movies is practically nil.) Perhaps the richest passages in the book deal with the occupation period. There is, for example, the account of the

Toho Company strikes in 1948, complete with industrial rapacity, Communist overtones, and military intervention.

> During the morning of Aug. 19 the Tokyo police chief came to the barricade and read orders telling the union to get out. [This was a sit-down strike.] A few minutes later, two thousand fully armed policemen arrived. Later, a company of cavalry, seven armored cars and tanks and three airplanes were sent from the U.S. Eighth Army. As one union actress said later, "The only thing that didn't come was a battleship." The union, behind its barricades, greeted the enemy with the usual flags, yells and songs, and, somewhat unexpectedly, with recitations of poetry composed for the occasion.

Overhead, an American general circles in a plane, and directs these stirring operations. The strikers capitulate. A contingent of actresses comes out. They unfurl the red flag, strike up the *Internationale,* and shout, tearfully, "Good bye, Japanese Culture."

In this same grimly hilarious vein, the writers discuss the orders of the Supreme Command of the Allied Powers (SCAP) to the Japanese industry, which up to that point (1945) had tried to cope with the Japanese military. In November, a list of prohibited themes was published.

> These included: anything infused with militarism, revenge, nationalism, anti-foreignism; distortions of history; approval of religious or social discrimination; favoring feudal loyalty and treating human life lightly; direct or indirect approval of suicide; approval of the oppression or degradation of wives; admiration of cruelty or unjust violence; exploitation of children; and opposition to the Potsdam declaration or any SCAP order.

Nor were all the prescriptions negative. This is the way in which the Japanese film was to accentuate the positive:

> [The industry] was to show how Japanese from every walk of life were endeavoring to reconstruct a peaceful nation; . . . how labor unions were peacefully organized; how the hitherto bureaucratic government was cast off and true governmental responsibility followed; . . . how historical personages, too, struggled for government representation of the people and for freedom.

The upshot of it comes straight out of *Candide.* SCAP reviews all the films made during the war. The censors look over 554 of these films. Two hundred and twenty-five are considered "feudal" or "anti-democratic." These are prohibited. Among them are Kinoshito's *Blossoming Port,* Kurosawa's *Sanshiro, Sugata,* and Tasaka's *Five Scouts!* Prints of these 225 films are turned over to SCAP; not all of them, because in remote parts of the country, where the orders are not sufficiently pub-

licized, some prints still circulate, through ignorance rather than through disobedience. But a great mass of prints and negatives fall into the hands of bright colonels.

> The exact disposal of these films is none too clear. Apparently most of them were destroyed. During the spring of 1946, from April 22 to May 2, to be precise, a colonel of the Eighth Army supervised their burning. One of the dry beds of the Tamagawa river was thought appropriate for this act. The negatives were to be kept by SCAP for reference, but it appears that many negatives were burned along with their release prints.

This is reminiscent of Simon de Montfort's orders to exterminate the entire population of the area he considered heretical. "But there must be good Christians among them," a relatively sane adviser cautions.

"Kill them all. God will know his own."

One of the themes which recurs throughout the book is that great Japanese films have come into being despite, not because of, the organization of the industry, particularly through the dedication and courage of great directors.

Big motion picture companies—just about anywhere—are not exactly known for their ethical discrimination. The Japanese industry is probably the most rapacious in the world. It has no worlds to conquer. It has attained a perfection in predatory policy and tactics which must arouse the envy of the bigger and better Captains of Industry in Hollywood.

Six companies practically control the fields of production and of distribution in all markets, rural and urban. The labor force is regimented as beautifully as workers were in Napoleon's time or as they are in South Africa today.

From the point of view of the personnel department, working conditions are perfectly lovely: a seven-day week; three or four day stints *around the clock* during rush periods (and these are endemic because of crammed scheduling: ten to twenty days per film! Oh joy!); a minimum of mechanical apparatus where muscles and backs can do the job. Carpenters build sets by feel: no measurements, no specifications—no time for them and no budget—*while the picture is being shot.* The workmen stop only when there are sound takes in the immediate vicinity. Film ratio is held down to an incredible one to three! An editor gets two to five days! Composers write music before they know how the film will end and often get their instructions by telephone. And so—horrifyingly—forth.

However, it isn't all unrelieved frenzy and the rat race abates when weather is bad. It rains in Japan, very often. It rains all through this book and in the most unexpected places. And then there is this feature, unique

in the entire movie world: nobody gets fired. Nepotism is a word which, to the Japanese, has absolutely no shock value.

Under these circumstances, the Japanese should be expected to turn out some of the worst pictures in the world and the authors make it clear enough that the Japanese industry has striven seriously to lay a remarkable number of turkeys.

There is, however, that inspired minority of creative artists who have given the Japanese film greatness and prestige. Among these creative artists, the most decisive have been a number of Japanese directors. And here we have one of the distinctive marks of the Japanese film at its best: the role of the director. It is *his* name which goes up on the marquee, not the star's; and the risks entailed in structuring an entire picture around the latter are clearly recognized. At its best, the Japanese film is unified by the vision of one dominating talent and temperament: not the producer's and not the star's. The producer, in particular, is not an errand boy; nor does he have the pervasive and authoritarian influence he so often does in Hollywood. More: an Ozo, a Kinoshita, a Kurasawa can make the front office itself toe the line and their secret is simple: on record, the nine directors analyzed by the authors of the book have immense box office appeal.

While the "director system" as against the "producer" or the "star system" is characteristic of the Japanese film at its best, most Japanese movies are done under weird circumstances which combine the worst features of the family, nepotistic, feudal way of life and of mechanized production at its most frightening. A director, dominated by bookkeepers, is handed a script and told to turn out a picture in ten days. This is the dream of a Clarence Buddington Kelland, who, in a *Saturday Evening Post* story, sings the glories of the rising certified accountant in charge of motion picture production. In Japan, one hundred and eighty directors work like ants in this grim ambiance.

This tendency to mechanize finds expression in still another feature of Japanese film production: the division into a multitude of clearly defined genres generally known as *monos*. There is, for example, a type of comedy inspired by Harold Lloyd, in which the rimmed spectacles, acrobatics, and hairbreadth escapes are *de rigueur*. These are called *roido-monos*. If the heroine is going to sacrifice herself, the picture is a *Kachusha-mono*. If it deals with motherly sacrifice, it is a *haha-mono*. If it deals with the wife in her struggle to maintain or restore her individuality, it is a *tsuma-mono*. It would even seem that the *tsuma-mono* which, naturally enough, often verge on tear-jerking or rush headlong

into it, are further subdivided by connoisseurs into one- or three-handkerchief pictures.

The broadest categories are the period or historical film and the modern film which essentially deals with everyday themes. Both categories necessitate guidance for the foreign viewer, since the basic assumptions and even very essential establishing facts are often omitted. Thus the pictures—they come out in quantity, year in and year out—which deal with the same popular national heroes do not go into antecedents familiar to the Japanese public, any more than a Greek needed to be told the relation between Ariadne, Theseus, Phaedra, and Poseidon. Similarly, the quasi-Cornelian conflict in modern stories, in which tradition, the family, or the social code must triumph—all this requires immersion in Japanese life, literature, and history to be properly understood by the foreigner.

There isn't the space here to go into all the cinematic traits which are specifically Japanese. The second part of the book practically all bears on that. The most fascinating thinking deals with the immersion of Japanese films into nature, their relation to a poetic form known as *haiku,* their symbolic reach, their tempo. This passage will probably be eliptical, but we can't quote a whole chapter:

> Japanese films are filled with vignettes of nature and these short scenes often have no obvious relation to the story. Foreigners who are puzzled at Hiroshi Inagaki's intercutting his love scenes with shots of running water in *Musashi Miyamoto* (better known abroad as *Samurai*) fail to make the connection which Inagaki expected of his audience: earthly passion is contrasted with the standard poetic image for the impermanence of life on this earth.

Two flaws bother me. Both are stylistic. One is a matter of ordinary rhetoric: there are just two many passive constructions and an appalling number of dangling participles—scores and scores of them!

The other is the cuteness of the chapter heads. The period between 1896 and 1917 is called "Slow Fade-In"; the period between 1923 and 1927 is "Wipe"; the period between 1939 and 1945 is "Shooting Script." And so forth. No! No!

I am aware of the rebuttal. Theodore Dreiser will outlive all the little pedants who teach in American colleges. Dreiser stands up and he moves despite his lapses in composition. So, without any question, does this book. But it could profit by some red pencilling. Then it will be better than Lewis Jacobs.

Antioch College —Herman Schnurer

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